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ARE THERE OBJECTIVE APPARITIONS ?

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EVERYONE who feels an interest in whatever knowledge can be obtained bearing upon the nature and destiny of man—and what intelligent person does not?—should be deeply grateful to those active members of the Society for Psychical Research in England and in America who have devoted themselves for many years to the collection of authentic cases of the various kinds of apparitions. These cases have been all personally investigated, so far as was possible; the evidence has been obtained either from the actual witnesses, or, where this was not possible, from those who received their personal testimony; corroborative evidence, in contemporary records of whatever kind, has been sought for, often at great cost of time and labor; and, finally, the whole body of facts thus accumulated has been systematically arranged, carefully discussed and published for the information of all who may be interested in the inquiry.* If we add to this the evidence collected and recorded with equal care by the late Robert Dale Owen, by Dr. Eugene Crowell, and many other writers, we shall find ourselves in possession of a body of facts which ought to be sufficient to enable us to arrive at some definite conclusions as to the nature, origin, and purport of those puzzling phenomena usually known as ghosts or apparitions, these terms being held to include audi-

* In "Phantasms of the Living," 2 v. 8vo, and the "Proceedings" of the Society from 1862 to 1890.

tory and tactile as well as visual impressions—the appearances termed “doubles” or phantasms of the living, as well as those purporting to represent or to emanate from the dead.

Before proceeding further I wish to point out the inestimable obligation we are under to the Psychical Research Society, for having presented the evidence in such a way that the *facts* to be interpreted are now generally accepted, as facts, by all who have taken any trouble to inquire into the amount and character of the testimony for them—the opinion of those who have not taken that trouble being altogether worthless. This change in educated public opinion appears to be due to a combination of causes. The careful preliminary investigation into the phenomena of telepathy has seemed to furnish a scientific basis for an interpretation of many phantasms, and has thus removed one of the chief difficulties in the way of accepting them as facts—the supposed impossibility of correlating them with any other phenomena. The number of men eminent in literature, art, or science who have joined the Society and have contributed to its “Proceedings,” has given the objects of its inquiry a position and status they did not previously possess; while the earnestness, the thoroughness, the literary skill, and philosophic acumen with which the evidence has been presented to the world, has compelled assent to the proposition that the several classes of apparitions known as doubles, phantasms of the living or the dead, spectral lights, voices, musical sounds, and the varied physical effects which occur in haunted houses, are real and not very uncommon phenomena, well worthy of earnest study, and only doubtful as regards the interpretation to be put upon them.

Some of the best workers in the Society, it is true, still urge that the evidence is very deficient, both in amount and in quality, and that much more must be obtained before it can be treated as really conclusive. This view, however, appears to me to be an altogether erroneous one. On looking through the evidence already published, I find that every one of the chief groups of phenomena already referred to is established by a considerable number of cases in which the testimony is first hand, the witnesses irreproachable, and in which the evidence of several independent witnesses agree in all important particulars. And, in addition to these unexceptionable cases, there are a whole host of others in which the

evidence is not quite so complete individually, but which are so completely corroborative in their general character and which fall so little short of the very best kind of evidence that the cumulative weight of the whole is exceedingly great. I shall, therefore, waste no time in discussing the value of the evidence itself, but shall devote my attention entirely to a consideration of what the facts teach as to the real nature of the phenomena.

This is the more necessary because, up to the present time, the only explanation of the various classes of apparitions suggested by the more prominent working members of the Society, is, that they are hallucinations due to the telepathic action of one mind upon another. These writers have, as they state that they felt bound to do, strained the theory of telepathy to its utmost limits in order to account for the more important of the phenomena which they have themselves set forth; and the chief difference of opinion now seems to be, whether all the facts can be explained as primarily due to telepathic impressions from a living agent—a view maintained by Mr. Podmore,—or whether the spirits of the dead are in some cases the agents, as Mr. Myers thinks may be the case. But in order to give this telepathic theory even a show of probability, it is necessary to exclude or to explain away a number of the most interesting and suggestive facts collected by the Society, and also to leave out of consideration whole classes of phenomena which are altogether at variance with the hypothesis adopted.* It is to these latter cases that I now wish to call attention, because they lead us to quite different conclusions from the writers above referred to, both as to the nature of apparitions and as to the agents concerned in their production.

The evidence which either distinctly suggests or affords direct proof of the objectivity of apparitions is of five different kinds: (1) Collective hallucinations, or the perception of the same phantasmal sights or sounds by two or more persons at once. (2) Phantasms seen to occupy different points in space, by different persons, corresponding to their apparent

* "Phantasms of the Dead from another Point of View" by F. Podmore, and "A Defence of Phantasms of the Dead" by F. W. H. Myers, in *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Part XVI., 1890. In these papers the extreme telepathic theory is set forth by Mr. Podmore with admirable boldness and with full illustrations; and is forcibly combated by Mr. Myers, whose views as here expressed are, however, only a very little in advance of those of his fellow-worker.

motion ; or, the persistence of the phantasm in one spot, notwithstanding the observer changes his position. (3) The effects of phantasms upon domestic animals. (4) The physical effects apparently produced by phantasms, or connected with their appearance. (5) The fact that phantasms, whether visible or invisible to persons present, can be and have been photographed. Examples of each of these groups of cases will now be given and their bearing on the question at issue briefly discussed.

(1) *Collective Hallucination* (so-called). Cases of this kind are very numerous and some of them perfectly attested. Let us first take that of the figure of a man seen repeatedly by Mrs. W——, her son, a boy of nine, and her step-daughter. It was seen distinctly at the most unexpected times, as when playing the piano, when playing at cricket in the garden, and by two at once when playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A voice was also distinctly heard by both the ladies. The description of the figure by the two ladies agreed completely, and the appearance occurred in a house reported to be haunted.*

Such an appearance as this, occurring to two ladies not at all nervous and who have never before or since had any similar experiences, and also to a boy when at play, seems almost necessarily to imply some real object of vision ; yet they both, as well as Surgeon-Major W——, are positive that the form could not have been that of any living person.

An equally remarkable case is that of the young woman, draped in white, which, at intervals during ten years, was seen by Mr. John D. Harry, his three daughters, their servant, and partially by the husband of one of the daughters. Mr. Harry saw it on seven or eight occasions in his bedroom and library. On one occasion it lifted the mosquito curtains of his bed (this all occurred in a house in the South of Europe), and looked closely into his face. It appeared to all three of the young ladies and their maid at one time, but apparently in a more shadowy form. Here again, it seems impossible that so many persons could have a similar or identical vision without any corresponding reality.†

Of another type is the female figure in white, which was seen on a summer afternoon, floating over a hedge, some ten

* Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Pt. VIII. (May 1885), pp. 102-106.

† Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Pt. VIII. (May 1885), pp. 111-113.

feet above the ground, by two girls of thirteen and a boy. They watched it for a couple of minutes, passing over a field till they lost sight of it in a plantation. All were in good health, and had seen no apparition before or since. They were driving in a tax-cart at the time, and when the figure appeared, the horse stopped and shook with fright, so much so that they could not get it on. This last fact which will be referred to under another head, renders it almost certain that the figure seen was visually objective.*

As a type of the auditory phenomena we may take the disturbances in the house of a clergyman which continued almost nightly for twenty years. The sounds were loud knockings or hammerings, often heard all over the house and by every inmate, and occurring usually from twelve to two in the morning. Sometimes a sound was heard like that produced by a cart heavily laden with iron bars passing close beneath the windows, yet on immediate search nothing was seen. Lady and gentlemen visitors heard these varied sounds as well as the residents in the house, and, notwithstanding long-continued search and watching, no natural cause for them was ever discovered. In such a case as this it is impossible to doubt that the sounds heard were real sounds. †

Equally remarkable is the case where a whole family and a visitor, in an isolated country house, heard a loud and continuous noise at the front door, which seemed to shake in its frame, and to vibrate under some tremendous blows. The servants, who were asleep in the back part of the house sixty feet away, were awoken by the disturbance, and came running, half-dressed, to see what the terrific noise meant. Yet the house was enclosed within high railings and locked gates, and on an immediate search nothing could be found to account for the noise. The visitor, however, Mr. Garling, of Folkestone, who gives the account, had that afternoon seen a phantasm of a friend he had left four days previously with his family all in perfect health; and at the time of the knocking, this friend's wife and two servants had died of cholera, and he himself was dying, and had been all day repeatedly begging that his friend Garling should be sent for. ‡ Here we may well suppose that the (perhaps sub-

* "Phantasms of the Living," Vol. II., p. 197.

† R. D. Owens' "Debatable Land," pp. 251-255.

‡ "Phantasms of the Living," Vol. II., pp. 149-151.

jective) phantasm, having failed to bring the percipient to his dying friend, a violent objective sound was resorted to, which should compel attention by its being audible to a whole household.

2. *Phantasms whose objectivity is indicated by definite space-relations.*—We now pass to a group of phenomena which still more clearly point to the actual objectivity of phantasms, namely, their definite space-relations as witnessed either by one or many percipients. Of this kind is the case, given in outline only, of a weeping lady which appeared to five persons, and on many occasions, to two of them together. The interesting point is, however, that indicated in the following passage: “They went after it (the figure) together into the drawing-room; it then came out and went down a passage leading to the kitchen, but was the next minute seen by another Miss D——, to come up the outside steps from the kitchen. On this particular day Captain D——’s married daughter happened to be at an upstairs window, and independently saw the figure continue its course across the lawn and into the orchard.”* Here it is almost impossible to conceive that the several hallucinations of four persons should so exactly correspond and fit into each other. A something objective, even if unsubstantial, seems absolutely necessary to produce the observed effects.

In the next case, a well-known English clergyman and author, of Boston, Mass.,—the late Rev. W. Mountford,—was visiting some friends in the Norfolk fens, when a carriage containing his host’s brother and sister-in-law, who lived near, was seen coming along the straight road between the two houses. The horse and carriage was recognized as well as the occupants, and was seen by the three persons looking on to pass in front of the house. But no knock was heard, and on going to the door nothing was to be seen. Five minutes afterwards a young lady, the daughter of the persons in the carriage, arrived and informed her uncle and aunt that her father and mother, in their chaise, had passed her on the road and, greatly to her surprise, without speaking to her. Ten minutes afterwards the real persons arrived just as they had been seen a quarter of an hour previously, having come straight from their home. None of the four

* Proc. Soc. Ps. Res., Part VIII. (May, 1885), pp. 117, 146.

percipients had any doubt as to the reality of the phantom carriage and its occupants till the real carriage appeared.* We are not now concerned with the cause or nature of this extraordinary "double" or phantasm of the living, with their horse and chaise; that will be discussed in another article. It is adduced here only in evidence of the objectivity of the appearance, showing that *something* capable of being perceived by ordinary vision did pass along the road near the house in which Mr. Mountford was staying when the event occurred.

(3.) *Effects of phantasms on animals.*—We now come to a group of phenomena which, although frequently recorded in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, have received no special attention as bearing on the theories put forth by members of the society, but have either been ignored or have been attempted to be explained away by arbitrary assumptions of the most improbable kind. It will, therefore, be necessary to refer to the evidence for these facts somewhat more fully than for those hitherto considered.

I have already mentioned the case of the female figure in white, seen by three persons, floating over a hedge ten feet above the ground, when the horse they were driving "suddenly stopped and shook with fright." In the remarks upon this case in "Phantasms of the Living" no reference is made to this fact, yet it is surely the crucial one, since we can hardly suppose that a wholly subjective apparition, seen by human beings, would also be seen by a horse. During the tremendous knocking recorded by Mr. Garling, and already quoted, it is stated that there was a large dog in a kennel near the front entrance, especially to warn off intruders, and a little terrier inside that barked at everybody; yet, when the noise occurred that wakened the servants sixty feet away, "the dogs gave no tongue whatever; the terrier, contrary to its nature, slunk shivering under the sofa, and would not stop even at the door, and nothing could induce him to go into the darkness."

In the remarkable account of a haunted house during an occupation of twelve months by a well-known English church dignitary, the very different behavior of dogs in the presence of real and of phantasmal disturbances is pointed out. When an attempt was made to rob the vicarage, the dogs gave

* "Phantasms of the Living," Vol. II., pp. 97-99.

prompt alarm and the clergyman was aroused by their fierce barking. During the mysterious noises, however, though these were much louder and more disturbing, they never barked at all, but were always found "cowering in a state of pitiable terror." They are said to have been more perturbed than any other members of the establishment, and "if not shut up below, would make their way to our bedroom door and lie there, crouching and whining, as long as we would allow them." *

In the account of haunting in a house at Hammersmith near London which went on for five years, where steps and noises were heard and a phantom woman seen,— "the dog whined incessantly" during the disturbances; and,— "the dog was evidently still afraid of the room when the morning came. I called to him to go into it with me, and he crouched down with his tail between his legs, and seemed to fear entering it." †

On the occasion of a "wailing cry" heard before a death in a rectory in Staffordshire, a house standing quite alone in open country, "we found a favorite bull-dog, a very courageous animal, trembling with terror, with his nose thrust into some billets of firewood, which were kept under the stairs." On another occasion, "an awful howling followed by shriek upon shriek," with a sound like that caused by a strong wind was heard, although everything out of doors was quite still, and it is stated, "We had three dogs sleeping in my sisters' and my bedrooms, and they were all cowering down with affright, their bristles standing straight up; one—a bulldog,—was under the bed, and refused to come out, and when removed was found to be trembling all over." ‡ The remark of Mrs. Sidgwick on these and other cases of warning sounds is that "if not real natural sounds, they must have been collective hallucinations." But it has not been shown that "real natural sounds" ever produce such effects upon dogs, and there is no suggestion that "collective hallucination" can be telepathetically transferred to these animals. In one case, however, it is suggested that the dog might have "been suddenly taken ill!"

In the remarkable account by General Barter, C. B., of

* Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. Part VI. p. 151.

† Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. Part VIII. p. 116.

‡ Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. Part XIII., pp. 307-308.

a phantasmal pony and rider with two native grooms, seen in India, two dogs which immediately before were hunting about in the brushwood jungle which covered the hill, came and crouched by the general's side giving low, frightened whimpers ; and when he pursued the phantasm the dogs returned home, though on all other occasions they were his most faithful companions.*

These cases, given on the best authority by the Society for Psychical Research, can be supplemented by a reference to older writers. During the disturbances at Mr. Mompesson's house at Tedworth, recorded by the Rev. Joseph Glanvil from personal observation and inquiry in his work, " *Saducismus Triumphatus*," — " it was noted that when the noise was loudest, and came with the most sudden surprising violence, no dog about the house would move, though the knocking was oft so boisterous and rude, that it hath been heard to a considerable distance in the fields, and awakened the neighbors in the village, none of which live very near this."

So, in the disturbances at Epworth Parsonage, an account of which was given by the eminent John Wesley, after describing strange noises as of iron and glass thrown down, he continues :—" Soon after, our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them (Mr. and Mrs. Wesley). While the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise, at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand ; nor did the observation ever fail."†

During the disturbances at the Cemetery of Ahrensburg in the island of Oesel, where coffins were overturned in locked vaults, and the case was investigated by an official commission, the horses of country people visiting the cemetery were often so alarmed and excited that they became covered with sweat and foam. Sometimes they threw themselves on the ground where they struggled in apparent agony, and, notwithstanding the immediate resort to remedial

* Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. Part XIV. pp. 469, 470.

† The account of these disturbances is given in Dr. Adam Clarke's " *Memories of the Wesley Family* ;" in Southey's " *Life of Wesley* ;" and in many other works.

measures, several died within a day or two. In this case, as in so many others, although the commission made a most rigid investigation and applied the strictest tests, no natural cause for the disturbances was ever discovered.*

In Dr. Justinus Kerner's account of "The Seeress of Prevorst," it is stated of an apparition that appeared to her during an entire year, that as often as the spirit appeared, a black terrier that was kept in the house seemed to be sensible of its presence; for no sooner was the figure perceptible to the Seeress than the dog ran, as if for protection, to some one present, often howling loudly; and after his first sight of it he would never remain alone of nights. In this case no one saw the figure but the Seeress, showing that this circumstance is not proof of the subjectivity of an apparition.

In the terrible case of haunting given to Mr. R. Dale Owen by Mrs. S. C. Hall, who was personally cognizant of the main facts, the haunted man had not been able to keep a dog for years. One which he brought home when Mrs. Hall became acquainted with him (he being the brother of her bosom friend) could not be induced to stay in his room day or night after the haunting began, and soon afterwards ran away and was lost.†

In the wonderful case of haunting in Pennsylvania, given by Mr. Hodgson in *THE ARENA*, of September last (p. 419), when the apparition of the white lady appeared to the informant's brother, we find it stated: "The third night he saw the dog crouch and stare, and then act as if driven round the room. Brother saw nothing, but heard a sort of rustle, and the poor dog howled and tried to hide, and never again would that dog go to that room."

Now this series of cases of the effect of phantasms on animals is certainly remarkable and worthy of deep consideration. The facts are such as, on the theories of telepathy and hallucination, ought not to happen, and they are especially trustworthy facts because they are almost invariably introduced into the narratives as if unexpected; while, that they were noticed and recorded shows that the observers were in no degree panic-struck with terror. They show us unmis-

* R. D. Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," pp. 186-192.

† "Footfalls from the Boundary of Another World," pp. 326-329.

takably that large numbers of phantasms, whether visual or auditory, and even when only perceptible to one of the persons present, are objective realities; while the terror displayed by the animals that perceive them, and their behavior, so unlike that in the presence of natural sights and sounds, no less clearly proves that, though objective, the phenomena are not normal and are not to be explained as in any way due to trick or to misinterpreted natural sounds. Yet these crucial facts, which a true theory must take account of, have hitherto been treated as unimportant, and, except for a few casual remarks by Mr. Myers and Mrs. Sidgwick, have been left out of consideration in all the serious attempts hitherto made to account for the phenomena of phantasms.

(4.) *Physical effects produced by phantasms or occurring in connection with them.*—There can be no more convincing proof of the objective reality of a phantasm than the production of real motion or displacement of material objects. There is abundant evidence of such effects; but, owing to the method hitherto adopted by the chief members of the Psychical Research Society, of breaking up the phenomena into groups, and discussing each group separately as if it stood alone and had no relation with the rest of the phenomena, they have as yet received no attention. The curious circumstance that visual phantoms are often *seen* to open doors in order to enter a room, which doors are afterwards found to be locked and bolted, is supposed to throw doubt upon other cases in which doors really open; but every one who pays close attention to these questions must be convinced that phantasms are of many kinds, ranging from mere images on the brain of a single person up to forms which are not only visible to all present, but are sometimes tangible also, and capable of acting with considerable effect on ordinary matter. Let us consider a few of these cases, taking first those recorded in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research.

The phantasm described by Dr. and Mrs. Gwynne was seen by them both to put its hand toward or over the night-light on the mantelpiece, which was at once extinguished. On being relighted it burned for the rest of the night. Of course it is *possible* to explain this as due to a sudden gust of wind down the chimney, but why the only gust during the night occurred at the moment the phantom was seen by two

persons to place its hand toward or over the light is not explained.*

In the house at Hammersmith where a figure was seen and noises heard during five years, Mrs. R—— who describes them says, that on one occasion the curtains of her bed were pulled back, and, she continues,—“frequently I had doors opened for me before entering a room, as if a hand had hastily turned the handle and thrown it open.”†

In another case of a haunted house, Mr. K. Z., said to be a man of reputation, stated that “doors opened and shut in the house without apparent cause,” and “bells were rung in the middle of the night, causing all the household to turn out and search for burglars.”‡ Again, in a house where apparitions were seen by four persons, three persons sitting together in a room were attracted by the door creaking, “and we watched it slowly open to about one third, and it remained so.” No such opening has been seen at any other time.§

Dr. Eugene Crowell relates that in a house in Brooklyn a relation of his own several times had his hat struck from his head while descending the stairs or passing through the hall, and under circumstances which rendered the agency of any living person impossible.|| In the case already referred to, given by Mr. Hodgson in the September ARENA, doors frequently opened and shut, and pictures, clocks, and other articles were thrown down with a great crash in a room where there was no one at the time, while another picture fell in front of the lady as she was entering the room.

But all these cases are insignificant as compared with the evidence afforded by the bell-ringing at Great Bealings, Suffolk, and at other places, an account of which was published in 1841 by Major Moor, a Fellow of the Royal Society, in whose house they occurred. The ringing, in a violent, clattering manner, went on almost daily for nearly two months, during which time every effort was made to discover any natural cause for the phenomenon, but in vain. Major Moor states:—“The bells rang scores of times when no one was in the passage, or backbuilding, or house, or grounds unseen. Neither I, nor the servants, nor any one,

* “Phantasms of the Living,” Vol. II., p. 202.

† Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. Part VIII., p. 115.

‡ Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. I., p. 107.

§ Proc. Soc. Ps. Res. XIV. p. 443.

|| “Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism,” Vol. I., p. 191.

could or can work the wonderment that I and more than half a score of others saw." And he declares finally :— "I am thoroughly convinced that the ringing is by no human agency."

The publication of his statement in the Ipswich *Journal* brought him accounts of no less than fourteen similar disturbances in various parts of England, every one of them equally unexplained. One of these was in Greenwich Hospital, and the account of this was given to Major Moor, by Lieutenant Rivers, R. N., a comrade of Nelson. The bells in Lieutenant Rivers' apartments in the hospital rang for four days. The clerk of the works, his assistant, a bell-hanger, and several scientific men tried to discover the cause, but all in vain. They made every one leave the house; they watched the bells, the cranks, and the wires, but, just as in Major Moor's case, without becoming any the wiser. In another case, in a house near Chesterfield, long and repeated bell-rangings continued for eighteen months. Bell-hangers and other persons watched and experimented in vain. The wires were cut, but still the bells rang. Neither the owner, Mr. Ashwell, nor his friend, Mr. Felkins of Nottingham, afterwards mayor of that town, nor any other person was ever able to discover, or even to conjecture any adequate cause for the phenomena. In many of these cases the ringing occurred in the daytime, and was repeated so often that ample opportunity was given for discovering the agency, if a human one. And the thing itself is so comparatively simple that there is no opportunity for a trick to be played without almost immediate discovery. Yet in none of these cases, nor so far as I am aware in any other at all similar to them, has any trick been discovered. They must, therefore, be classed as a form of haunting, comparable with the knockings and other disturbances so often connected with phantasmal appearances, and thus affording very strong evidence of the powers of phantasms to act upon matter.*

(5.) *Phantasms can be photographed, and are, therefore, objective realities.* — It is common to sneer at what are called "spirit photographs" because imitations of some of them can

* An account of all these fourteen cases of bell-ringing and of other disturbances with names and dates is given, in a small volume, now rare, entitled "Bealings Bells." A brief summary of them is given in R. Dale Owen's "Debatable Land" and in William Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," Vol. II, p. 446.

be so easily produced; but a little consideration will show that this very facility of imitation renders it equally easy to guard against imposture, since the modes by which the imitation is effected are so well known. At all events it will be admitted that an experienced photographer who supplies the plates and sees the whole of the operations performed, or even performs them himself, cannot be so deceived. This test has been applied over and over again, and there is no possible escape from the conclusion that phantasms, whether visible or invisible to those present, can be and have been photographed. A brief statement of the evidence in support of this assertion will now be given.

The first person through whom spirit photographs were obtained, was a New York photographer named Mumler, who, in 1869, was arrested and tried for obtaining money by trickery and imposture, but who, after a long trial, was acquitted because no proof of imposture or attempt at imposture was given. But, on the other hand, evidence of extraordinary tests having been applied was given. A professional photographer, Mr. W. H. Slee, of Poughkeepsie, watched the whole process of taking the pictures, and though there was nothing unusual in Mumler's procedure, shadowy forms appeared on the plates. Mumler afterwards visited this witness' gallery, bringing with him no materials whatever, yet the same results were produced. Mr. J. Gurney, a New York photographer of twenty-eight years' experience, gave evidence that, after close examination, no trickery whatever could be detected in Mumler's process. Yet a third photographer, Mr. W. W. Silver, of Brooklyn, gave evidence to the same effect. He frequently went through the whole process himself, using his own camera and materials, yet when Mumler was present, and simply placed his hand on the camera during the exposure, additional forms besides that of the sitter appeared upon the plates. Here we have the sworn testimony in a court of law of three experts, who had every possible means of detecting imposture if imposture there were; yet they all declared that there was and could be no imposture.*

* A report of the trial appeared in the *New York Times* of April 22, 1869, and in many other papers. An abstract of the evidence is given by Dr. Crowell in his "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," Vol. I., pp. 478-482.

It would be easy to give a score or more of cases in which persons of reputation have stated in print that they have obtained recognizable photographs of deceased friends when they themselves were quite unknown to the photographer and even when no photograph or picture of the deceased person existed. In all such cases, however, the objection is made that the figures are more or less shadowy and that the supposed likeness may be imaginary. I, therefore, prefer to give only the evidence of experts as to the appearance on photographic plates of other figures besides those of the visible sitters. Perhaps the most remarkable series of experiments ever made on this subject are those carried on during three years by the late Mr. John Beattie, of Clifton, a retired photographer of twenty years' experience, and Doctor Thomson, M. D. (Edin.), a retired physician, who had practised photography as an amateur for twenty-five years. These two gentlemen performed all the photographic work themselves, sitting with a medium who was not a photographer. They took hundreds of pictures, in series of three taken consecutively at intervals of a few seconds; and the results are the more remarkable and the less open to any possible suspicion, because there is not in the whole series what is commonly termed a spirit photograph, that is, the shadowy likeness of any deceased person, but all are more or less rudimental, exhibiting various patches of light undergoing definite changes of form, sometimes culminating in undefined human forms, or medallion-like heads, or star-like luminosities. In no case was there any known cause for the production of these figures. I possess a set of these remarkable photographs, thirty-two in number, given me by Mr. Beattie, and I was personally acquainted with Doctor Thomson, who confirmed Mr. Beattie's statements as to the conditions and circumstances under which they were taken. Here we have a thorough scientific investigation undertaken by two well-trained experts, with no possibility of their being imposed upon; and they demonstrate the fact that phantasmal figures and luminosities quite invisible to ordinary observers, can yet reflect or emit actinic rays so as to impress their forms and changes of form upon an ordinary photographic plate. An additional proof of this extraordinary phenomenon is, that frequently, and in the later experiments always, the medium spontaneously described what he saw, and the picture taken

at that moment always exhibited the same kind of figure. In one of the pictures the medium is shown among the sitters gazing intently and pointing with his hand. While doing so he exclaimed : " What a bright light up there ! Can you not see it ? " And the picture shows the bright light in the place to which his gaze and pointing hand are directed.*

Very important, as confirming these results, are the experiments of the late Mr. Thomas Slater, the optician (of Euston Road, London), who obtained second figures on his plates when only his own family were present, and in one case when he was perfectly alone ; of Mr. R. Williams, M. A., of Haywards Heath ; of Mr. Traill Taylor, the editor of the *British Journal of Photography* ; and of many other professional or amateur photographers, who all agree that, with everything under their own control, phantasmal figures, besides those of the sitter, appeared on the plates without any apparent or conceivable mechanical or chemical cause.

In the cases hitherto given the phantasms or figures photographed have been invisible to all present except the mediums, and sometimes even to them ; but we have also examples of the photographing of a visible form, or apparition, occurring in the presence of a medium. A very successful photograph of a spirit form which appeared under strict test conditions, with Miss Cook as the medium, was taken by Mr. Harrison, then editor of the *Spiritualist* newspaper. An engraving from this photograph appears as a frontispiece to Epes Sargent's " Proof Palpable of Immortality," with an account of the conditions under which it was taken signed by the five persons present. Later on, Mr. Crookes obtained numerous photographs (more than forty in all) in his own laboratory, with the same medium ; and had every opportunity of ascertaining that the phantom, which appeared and disappeared under conditions which rendered doubt impossible, was no human being, and was very different in all physical characteristics from the medium.†

* A brief account of these experiments from notes furnished by Mr. Beattie and confirmed by Doctor Thomson, is given in the present writer's " Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," p. 193. Mr. Beattie published his own account in the *Spiritual Magazine*, September, 1872, January, 1873, and in the *British Journal of Photography* of the same period.

† An account of these experiments, and of those which preceded them, is given in a small volume entitled, " Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," by William Crookes, F. R. S., London, 1874 ; and they are summarized in Epes Sargent's " Proof Palpable of Immortality," pp. 100-110.

This long series of photographic experiments and tests, of which the briefest abstract only has been given, has been hitherto not even alluded to by the investigators of the Society for Psychical Research. But they cannot much longer continue to ignore it, because they have entered on the task of collecting the *whole* of the evidence for psychical phenomena, and of fairly estimating the weight of each of the groups under which that evidence falls. Now I submit that this photographic evidence is superior in quality to any that they have hitherto collected, for two reasons. In the first place, it is experimental evidence, and experiment is rarely possible in the higher psychical phenomena; in the second place it is the evidence of experts, in an operation the whole details of which are perfectly familiar to them. And, I further submit, this evidence can no longer be ignored because it is evidence that goes to the very root of the whole inquiry and affords the most complete and crucial test in the problem of subjectivity or objectivity of apparitions. What is the use of elaborate arguments to show that all the phenomena are to be explained by the various effects of telepathy and that there is no evidence of the existence of objective apparitions occupying definite positions in space, when the camera and the sensitive plate have again and again proved that such objective phantasms do exist? Such arguments, founded on a small portion only of the facts, remind one of that literary *jeux d'esprit*, "Historic doubts as to the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte"; and, to those who are acquainted with the whole range of the phenomena to be explained, are about equally convincing.

I have now very briefly summarized and discussed the various classes of evidence which demonstrate the objectivity of many apparitions. The several groups of facts, while strong in themselves, gain greatly in strength by the support they give to each other. On the theory of objective reality all are harmonious and consistent. On the theory of hallucination, some require elaborate and unsupported theories for their explanation, while the great bulk are totally inexplicable, and have, therefore, to be ignored, or set aside, or explained away. Collective hallucinations (so-called) are admitted to be frequent. That phantasms often behave like objective realities in relation to material objects and to different persons is also admitted. This is as it should be if they

are objective, but is hardly explicable on the subjective or telepathic theory. The behavior of animals in the presence of phantasms, the evidence for which is as good as that for their appearance to men and women, is what we might expect if they are abnormal realities, but involve enormous difficulties on any other theory. The physical effects produced by phantasms (visible or invisible) afford a crucial test of objectivity, and are far too numerous and too well attested to be ignored or explained away. And, finally, comes the test of objectivity afforded by the photographic camera in the hands of experts and physicists of the first rank, rendering any escape from this conclusion simply impossible.

I have confined this discussion strictly to the one question of *objectivity*, a term that does not necessarily imply *materiality*. We do not know whether the luminiferous ether is material, or whether electricity is material, but both are certainly objective. Some have used the term "non-molecular matter" for the hypothetical substance of which visible phantoms are composed,—a substance that seems to have the property under certain conditions of aggregating to itself molecular matter, so that tangible or force-exerting phantasms are produced. But this is all theoretical, and we do not yet possess sufficient knowledge to enable us to theorize on what may be termed the anatomy and physiology of phantoms. There is, however, a broader question to be discussed, one on which I think we have materials for arriving at some interesting and useful conclusions. I refer to the general nature and origin of various classes of phantasmal appearances, from the "doubles" of living persons to those apparitions which bring us news of our departed friends or are in some cases, able to warn us of future events, which more or less deeply affect us. This inquiry will form the subject of another paper.

POPULAR LEADERS—GROVER CLEVELAND.

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.

THE ideal of a statesman in a popular government is succinctly expressed in the lines applied by the poet Stoddard to Lincoln:—

“One of the people ! Born to be
Their curious epitome;
To share, yet rise above,
Their shifting hate and love.”

With almost equal accuracy these words might have been said of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cleveland. Great statesmen are not necessarily, and not usually, original abstract thinkers. Edmund Burke was an exception to this rule; but with all his philosophical insight, he never attained to anything like the absolute power over English official life, which was wielded for almost a generation by Lord Palmerston, the adroit manipulator of men and thorough-going Philistine. Mr. Gladstone has challenged notice as a writer in various departments. He has appeared as a religious controversialist, and as a critic of many ancient and modern literary productions, meeting however with indifferent success. Even as a thinker on political subjects Mr. Gladstone has not always been profound or keen sighted. His position on our Civil War is well remembered. Presumably he favored the South, because it was his life-long habit to keep in touch with, and reflect, the public sentiment about him. Mr. Gladstone has grown with the people, keeping far enough ahead of the average intelligence to remain a leader, but never far outstripping it. He began life as a Tory; the influence of popular progress gradually converted him into a Liberal; and the same current has borne him along, slowly but steadily, until now he presents the inspiring spectacle of an old man, with as much fervid interest in the future of his nation, as a radical just out of his teens. Mr. Gladstone in his own person has epitomized English political evolution, during the period beginning after the passage of

the Reform Bill, and coming down to the contest for Irish emancipation.

Something of this representative character, this identification in thought and aspiration with the masses of mankind, must exist in the active statesman of a democratic government. Usually a reform is foreshadowed by abstract thinkers long before its accomplishment. Their thoughts are gradually taken up by receptive minds, and slowly their influence percolates down to the masses. Then comes the necessity for the statesman,—the man who will translate the language of philosophy into the vernacular of every day; who will feel and think with the people, and make them feel and think with him. A democratic statesman must therefore be in one way or another a popular expresser of thought. He may be, like Henry Clay or Mr. Gladstone, a great orator; he may be, like Thomas Jefferson or Mr. Cleveland, a great pamphleteer.

Mr. Cleveland first became conspicuous, not as an expounder of desirable measures, but as a courageous champion of administrative reform. His State papers while Governor of New York did not adequately indicate the intellectual grasp he was afterwards to display. During his gubernatorial term no question arose calling for the highest qualities of statesmanship. Furthermore, it seems probable that Cleveland's mind, like Lincoln's, expanded with the greater problems and duties set before him. Governor Cleveland's messages read like the straightforward utterances of an educated man of business. He gives most sensible reasons for the veto of this petty job and the pardon of that criminal, without wasting words. It happened that the bills by which the character of the man was best shown, were bills not that he vetoed but that he signed. He was therefore under no obligation, and, indeed, had no opportunity to express the reasons for his action. These measures were known in New York as the Roosevelt Bills. The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, then almost at the beginning of his public career, had introduced in the New York Assembly, certain Acts to change the offices of Register and County Clerk in the City of New York from fee offices to salaried offices. To an outsider this may seem a trivial distinction, but the practical effect was considerable. Under a general statute of the State the registers and clerks of the various counties were entitled to regular rates of fees for the filing and recording of legal

papers, and other official acts. In most of the counties such fees made up only a reasonable compensation for services and necessary expenses. In the City and County of New York, however, by reason of the large population and volume of business, the statutory fees aggregated immense sums, ranging from \$50,000 per annum upward—no exact amount of receipts could ever be obtained. Among the mercenary factions there had grown up the custom of electing reliable henchmen to these places, who, after pocketing a fair profit for themselves, turned over the balance as a corruption fund to the political organizations. With patriotic men there could not be two opinions as to the wisdom of breaking up this practice. But Mr. Cleveland showed much moral courage in signing the bills. They originated with the opposite party, and were bitterly opposed by influential politicians of his own party. It would have been quite easy to veto them upon some jesuitical ground. There were other acts of great moral boldness performed by Governor Cleveland, notably his signing, on the ground of public expediency, of the Act abolishing the State Paper, whereby his political friend and mentor, Daniel Manning, one of the proprietors of the existing State Paper, was deprived of very substantial annual profits. On the whole, Governor Cleveland's career evinced sufficient mental endowment and pre-eminent courage. The attitude of the people of New York towards him at its close was well expressed by General Bragg's saying, "We love him for the enemies he has made."

Mr. Cleveland's detractors are fond of calling him a mere creature of luck. No public man has had more implacable foes; and much half-truth has been uttered for his belittlement. On the other hand, it is the fact, that on two notable occasions, happy chance has contributed to his advancement. He was comparatively unknown when nominated for Governor of New York, but a factional vendetta within the Republican party swelled his majority to phenomenal figures. Again, he was nominated for the Presidency partly because a great mistake on the part of the hostile party had rendered his candidacy specially expedient. This is not the place to express any views as to the character or the record of his distinguished opponent. The point is that vast numbers of the Republican party, rightly or wrongly, considered its candidate unfit for the Chief Magistracy, and that therefore his

choice by the convention was highly imprudent. Cleveland's accession to the Presidency was therefore, to quite a visible extent, the product of external circumstances; but this might be said of almost all men who have attained that office. Lincoln was nominated because he embodied the movement towards slavery restriction; Cleveland was nominated because he stood in his own person for administrative reform, at a time when many thousands of independent voters thought that such tendency greatly needed to be strengthened. Lincoln, after his election, was taken off his feet, and carried forward by a popular trend, which finally made him the exponent of a radicalism of which formerly he had never dreamed. Cleveland was no sooner inaugurated than he began to realize the necessity of accelerating the popular current towards an end transcending in importance, for the time being, even that of administrative reform.

This current of opinion had originated long before among the more thoughtful, and was directed to the restoration of equilibrium, between the Federal government, and the governments of the respective States. In a speech delivered at Rochester in 1871, Samuel J. Tilden very aptly compared the two constantly antagonistic tendencies in American politics to the centripetal and centrifugal forces in the solar system.*

That the spirit of centralization should have acquired an abnormal ascendancy during the Rebellion and the Reconstruction period was inevitable. The passion aroused by the conflict made it impossible for the masses to realize for many years thereafter that the centrifugal check was greatly needed. But in 1876 the popular plurality which Mr. Tilden received over Mr. Hayes showed that the people instinctively

* "The whole value of the arrangement by which our world is kept in its place in the solar system is the balance between the opposing forces. It would matter little to us which of these forces should be allowed to prevail. If the centrifugal tendency should dominate, our planet would shoot madly into the realms of endless space, far away from the source of heat and life, until every living thing upon its surface would perish. If the centripetal tendency should prevail, the earth would rush with inconceivable velocity towards the sun, until it would be engulfed in the burning mass. So it is with the adjustment of powers between the State and Federal governments; disunion and centralization are equally fatal to good government. Disunion would generate the centralism of military despotism in the separate States; centralism attempted on areas and populations so vast would break the parts asunder, and fill our continent, as it has filled every other, with rival nations.

Our wise ancestors devised the only system possible to avoid these opposite evils. They formed a Federal Government to manage our foreign relations, to maintain peace and unity between the States, and to administer a few exceptional functions of common interest; and they left the great residuary mass of governmental powers to the States."

felt the need of restoring the balance of forces. The Democratic party, however, lost the Presidency, through the action of the Electoral Commission. Moreover, by their excesses of partisanship in Congress during the Hayes administration, the Democrats provoked enough of a reaction to swing the pendulum back to the centripetal party in 1880. This was the chief factor in the Republican success of that year, though undoubtedly the marked intellectual fitness of General Garfield for the Chief Magistracy and the equally patent unfitness of his valiant and beloved opponent, contributed to the result. The Arthur administration was a neutral one, which gave popular tendencies an opportunity to leisurely ripen.

About a year before Mr. Cleveland's election to the Presidency, the Supreme Court of the United States, by what is known as the Civil Rights Decision, gave a great rebuff to centralization. This adjudication did much to marshal and consolidate anti-federalistic sentiment among the scholarly and professional classes, and to prepare the way for Mr. Cleveland's work among the people at large. The special, practical abuse of paternalism, to the reform of which Mr. Cleveland addressed himself, was, as everybody knows, the war tariff. The government still retained substantially *the* rates of indirect taxes fixed by the exigencies of the war; not for revenue, for the treasury surplus was a great embarrassment; and not for protection merely, because such rates were far in excess of those required to equalize any difference in wages between the United States and other manufacturing countries. The war tariff was retained in order that privileged classes might be subsidized, at the expense of the private consumer. As correlative to the scheme for continued over-taxation was that for the wholesale granting of pensions to ex-soldiers.

Mr. Cleveland deserves no special credit for his theoretical position on both these questions. Not long since a New York illustrated newspaper produced a cartoon, containing portraits of a large number of men prominent in the Republican party during the last two decades; and under each likeness was a quotation from a former speech or public writing of the original, in which he condemned the retention of the war tariff almost, if not quite, as unreservedly as Mr. Cleveland did in his famous message. On the pension issue

also, the intrinsic merits were almost as obviously on Mr. Cleveland's side of the discussion. The most extreme strict-constructionist can look with complacency upon the occasional singling out of conspicuous heroes, as special objects of the nation's bounty. But such complacency springs largely from the belief that the exceptions prove the rule. In one sense it is inevitable that republics should be ungrateful. The state is not to reward citizens for services in preserving it; they are supposed to have been fighting for their dearest personal possession. Of course, if a man is injured or killed in the defence of the common country, it is not inconsistent with the spirit of democracy that the public should partially bear the common loss, by indemnifying him, or his family, for a diminished earning capacity or a total deprivation of means of support. But a law granting pensions indiscriminately, in consideration merely of military services, would be essentially undemocratic, and in practice would lead to the most detestable abuses.

But, though the war tariff and the pension legislation were abstractly indefensible, there was needed a statesman to make the masses of the people see them in their true light, and to create a live political issue over them. This popular awakening Mr. Cleveland accomplished by his messages. In the veto message of the Dependent Pension Bill he skilfully inserted a suggestion, by which the average voter was reminded that the apparent zeal for the soldier was but a thin veil for the pressing necessity of finding some outlet for the treasury accumulations, if the existing tariff was to be continued.

“It has constantly been a cause of pride and congratulation to the American citizen that his country is not put to the charge of maintaining a large standing army in time of peace. Yet we are now living under a war tax which has been tolerated in peaceful times to meet the obligations incurred in war. But for years past, in all parts of the country the demand for the reduction of the burdens of taxation upon our labor and production has increased in volume and urgency. I am not willing to approve a measure presenting the objections to which this Bill is subject, and which moreover will have the effect of disappointing the expectations of some people, and their desire and hope for relief from war taxation in time of peace.”

The Tariff Reform Message and the Dependent Pension Veto must be taken together, as complementary utterances of

the same executive policy. This policy as a whole is perhaps best summed up in the following sentence from Mr. Cleveland's veto of the Texas Seed Bill: "The lesson should be constantly enforced that though the people support the government, the government should not support the people." Before his inauguration, Mr. Cleveland took occasion to remind the people that the Presidency is an office "essentially executive in its nature." This was eagerly distorted by his enemies into a confession of intellectual barrenness. Little did they realize that the President's personal utterances and clearly defined policy were to furnish the issue for the next appeal to the people. By his individual genius he forced his party into progressive initiative. His own words furnished texts for the speeches from the stump and inspiration for the press. But his messages and other written communications were themselves the most powerfully direct arguments. These documents, if occasionally a trifle too Johnsonian in style, were always clear, bold, and pointed, and often crisply epigrammatic. They effected a lodgment in the popular mind and retained it with a tenacity that recalls the pamphleteering efforts of Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson.

The annals of American statesmanship do not furnish any act surpassing in moral boldness the promulgation of the Tariff Reform Message on the eve of Mr. Cleveland's candidacy for a second term. He deliberately risked the personal distinction of a re-election, for the sake of giving the principles of his rehabilitated party a tremendous impetus. There are very few persons who would now question the farsighted wisdom of this step. Orators and newspapers were compelled to discuss the tariff, and the campaign became highly educational. If Mr. Cleveland had waited until safely re-elected, there would have been no pressing necessity of making an issue about anything; and politicians might, for a further indefinite period, have prevented the tariff question from taking vital hold of the people. The story was told—and there were many corroborating circumstances to make it seem plausible—that before the opening of the campaign of 1844, Henry Clay, who intended to be the Whig candidate, and Martin Van Buren, who expected to be nominated by the Democrats, met privately; and, for mutual welfare and convenience, agreed, each to use his best efforts to keep the question of the annexation of Texas out of the canvass.

Whether this tradition be true or baseless, Mr. Cleveland's directly opposite course in respect to a matter of grave public concern, should secure for him the veneration of posterity. If actions speak louder than words, he proclaimed in most indubitable terms that he would rather his countrymen should be right, than that he should be President.

Having deliberately set out to become a leader of public opinion, and to reorganize a great party, he compelled that party to take an aggressive front on a live question, in perfect consistency with its historical position of opposition to *Federal paternalism*. This was the doctrine that then required to be fortified, just as, before the Rebellion, to strengthen the opposite tendency towards centralization was the imperative need. Mr. Cleveland as a popular leader crystallized about himself the growing sentiment for checking the growth of Federalism, and converted such sentiment into a practical, political force. There was, however, one important act of his administration which showed that, although his special mission was to curb the centripetal and stimulate the centrifugal force, he always remained the broad-minded statesman, and never became the fanatical tool of a political tendency. Mr. Cleveland signed the Inter-State Commerce Bill. This measure was opposed by many Democrats of character and wide influence, because of its obvious leaning towards centralization. But the President, with the conscientious patriotism which prompted him to sign the Roosevelt Bills in New York, and with that perfect common sense which characterized all his deliberations on proposed legislation, would not allow the prevailing, and in the main salutary, trend of his party to defeat a measure inherently desirable, because it was one which theoretically would fall more within the policy of the other party. The successful operation of this law, as administered by the excellent commissioners President Cleveland himself appointed, has already more than justified his sanction to its passage.

Mr. Cleveland received a large plurality of the popular vote at the election in 1888. The unmistakable drift of public sentiment since that time, as well as the wellnigh universal respect for himself, must have brought him profound satisfaction. Prominent spokesmen of both parties have united in expressing admiration for the man of conscience and courage. More significant, and also more entertaining

to one with any sense of humor, have been the complaints from many Republican politicians and newspapers that the colleges of the country were hot-beds of Democracy. The professors of Political Economy must be muzzled or Mr. Cleveland's pernicious fallacies will have a disastrous effect upon the rising generation. Still more amusing was that portion of the speech of Assistant-Postmaster Clarkson, at the banquet of the Americus Republican Club of Pittsburg in April last, in which he seriously maintained that the Democrats had, with Mephistophelian shrewdness, bought up or managed to control, nearly all the leading magazines and newspapers; and that it behooved Republicans to artificially create a literary bureau of gigantic proportions, if they wished to counteract the effect of intellectual poison. Another very significant straw was the editorial in the *New York Tribune* of July 7, 1890, calling a halt in the Republican party in the matter of pension legislation. There have been other signs, in addition to those enumerated, which prepared the minds of the more observant for the victory at the polls in November last, but did not foreshadow its sweeping character. Fortunately the Republican majority in the Fifty-first Congress proceeded consistently to carry out what they conceived to be a popular behest for the extension of paternalism. They introduced and eventually passed a tariff bill, the advocates of which were obliged to abandon the specious pretext of protection to American labor, and own that its aim was to prohibit foreign competition in certain branches of trade. The dominant party went further, and pushed through the lower House the Federal Elections Bill. The sober second thought of the people was everywhere making itself heard before the close of the first session; so much so that the Republican senators were obliged to postpone action on the Force Bill in order to pass the McKinley Bill. But it was of inestimable advantage that the party of centralization had not hedged or faltered; but, by its official attitude, had presented a square issue on the traditional lines. It is doubtful whether in the history of democracies, a popular leader ever achieved a more decisive triumph, than was the result of this recent election for members of the Fifty-second Congress to Mr. Cleveland.

A few words as to the influence of his personality on the masses may not be amiss. He has never been regarded as

a "magnetic" statesman. He appeals to the people on the thought side, rather than directly on the heart side. Certainly he is not without qualities that endear him to intelligent men; but he never excited that unreasoning devotion, which, in some instances, has caused swarms of devotees to view questions of right and wrong through the medium of their hero's private conscience. There are excellent grounds for hope that the day of autocratic and emotional statesmanship is over in America. We do not believe that it would be possible now, for a man advocating and practising a public policy like that of Andrew Jackson, to receive the blind, popular adoration which supported him. This policy was by no means destitute of wholesome features; but, in the main, by reason of its tendency to belittle the deliberative character, and to subvert the orderly action of the legislative and judicial branches of the government, it was essentially opposed to the genius of our institutions. A statesman such as the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, who stands for political methods very similar to those of Jackson, may, indeed, aided by local pride, achieve a notable, personal triumph within a limited district. But in the wider field of national polities, qualities of leadership such as Jackson had, and Mr. Reed now exhibits, would seem not at all as potent as they formerly were.

The people have grown since 1830, and for the modern disciples of Democracy there has been much to arouse enthusiastic respect in the man Cleveland. He has avoided alike the ostentation of display and the Jeffersonian affectation of extreme simplicity. During his Presidency he was ever the dignified gentleman, frank and accessible, but still firm in the determination that the proper privacy of himself and his family should not be invaded by gossip-mongers. He has made many wise speeches since his retirement from office, which have materially contributed to the success of his policy. He has also by his manner of living furnished an ideal for ex-officials of all grades. The American people promptly appreciated the humor and common sense of his Jeffersonian sentiment, that the best thing to do with ex-Presidents is to leave them alone to earn an honest living like other people.

A NEW DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

ON the second and third days of July, 1776, a group of some fifty odd men, representing the slender line of American colonies fringing the Atlantic ocean, came together to discuss and sign a formal Declaration of Independence from Great Britain. They were a picturesque group without the aid of Trumbull's formal arrangement. Long loose coats hardly developed out of the middle-age cloak, white stockings, knee and shoe-buckles, frilled shirts and lace-edged cuffs, wigs and snuff boxes, they were all very much alike to the modern eye. Exteriortly all were of the same age. Equal gravity and equal rank.

But as a matter of fact each man represented a region so far away and so strange that very little of common thought existed. Each man spoke in a quaint dialect, and deeper than that were the wide differences of thought and prejudices. They met each other, as members of the Pan-American Congress of to-day might meet each other; so widely separated by impassable streams and forests were the thirteen original colonies in 1776.

That they were not all equally patriotic, that they were not all equal lovers of freedom, was made painfully apparent before discussion was ended. They met to enunciate a Declaration of Independence from Great Britain — this and no more, — but the genius, the fearless love of freedom of one man almost raised the document to the altitude of a declaration of the rights of man.

There is small record of that discussion and we have only hints of the storm which the slaveholders raised to prevent Jefferson's great edict which would have made that fourth of July a day of mighty jubilee to the slaves of America. But we know it was suppressed as the dangerous utterance of a man imbued with the mad scepticism of the French Encyclopedists, and so mutilated, blotted with lies, the Declaration went out saying: —

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are born free and equal . . . and possessed of certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

And so the bells were rung and bonfires lighted and feasts were given, while the black man looked on with the eyes of the dumb beast who had no part in the general rejoicing, the day for a real demand for freedom was not yet come, the people were still narrow, insular mainly. Jefferson saw it was impossible to utter a genuine plea — the times were not yet filled with a desire for freedom.

I thought of those men, when on September the first, 1890, five hundred citizens of the United States, men and women, representing thirty-five states and territories, gathered in the city of New York. Drawn together, not by political ambitions or political allegiance, coming hundreds of miles, some of them five thousand miles, coming at great personal sacrifice — five hundred of these men gathered in a hall, as their forefathers had done, to shake each other's hands, to look into each other's faces, and finally, to enunciate a new declaration of human rights.

It had its picturesque phases also. There were broad-hatted men from California, Texas, Virginia and Dakota. There were slender young clerks and artisans from Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, and Memphis. There were lawyers and judges, and earnest women, and deep-eyed laborers in plain clothing, from all the principal cities. Each man wore on his lapel a little bow of white ribbon, and it was all that was needed to bring out a fervent hand-shake and the word "Brother." These men came to meet their great teacher, Henry George, and the magnificent idea of human liberty which called them together and bound them together with a singular and beautiful spirit of camaraderie is called "The Single Tax."

Manifestly there must be something in this idea which the reading public has not grasped, for though the press are pretty nearly done with ridicule — indeed, have reached the point, many of them, of calling it "the ideal form of taxation" — yet the great transforming force that moves forward this cause with unexampled rapidity around the earth is not yet generally perceived. The mighty principle of human brotherhood which brought these men together and called out

their thrilling oratory was not a fiscal reform merely, it was a religion, in the highest sense of that abused word. There is a sort of sublimity in their utterances standing simply as utterances.

The glory of this movement is, that it is at once intensely practical, and has all the allurement and intellectual exaltation of a radical humanitarian philosophy. When the word "single-tax" is spoken by single-tax men to each other, there is nothing prosaic in its sound. Vast dreams and gleaming vistas open in their minds. They see sun-lighted fields and shining cities, toward which they are walking and expect to walk, toilsomely (they have no wings), but their limbs are strong, their hearts invincible, their eyes steady and smiling.

With them single-tax equals Liberty — Liberty, not license — not a poor, faint, half-paralytic, but Liberty, standing high as Justice, and commanding the whole earth with her peaceful eyes. We mean by liberty perfect freedom of action so long as the equal rights of others are maintained. We are based upon Spencer there, and upon the immortal Declaration of Independence, whose sounding sentences will come to mean something by-and-bye.

We are individualists mainly. Let that be understood at the start. We stand unalterably opposed to the paternal idea in government. We believe in fewer laws and juster interpretation thereof. We believe in less interference with individual liberty, less protection of the rapacious demands of the few, and more freedom of action on the part of the many.

Individualism does not mean each man cutting the throat of the other, any more than freedom means license. Desperate need makes desperate deed, as in this pleasant America of ours, where undue special privilege to rob the millions is given to a few favored sons of a government yet filled with insidious survivals of paternalism. An age that fosters combat, perjury, envy and hate. There will never be so much paternalism again. The age of individualism broadens before us.

The conference began therefore by stating its belief in equality — not in equality of powers, not equality of virtue, not equality of possessions, but *equality of opportunity*, opportunity to acquire virtue, wisdom, and a competency. This is what Jefferson would have said, could he have written the Declaration according to his own ideas of what freedom should be. As it stands, the sentence is meaningless.

All men are born free and equal, the old Declaration ran. Equal in what? Powers? No, and never can be! Equal in virtue? No, not with the weight of the infinite sorrowful past upon us, not while the bitter struggle for a place merely to set foot on this planet goes on. Equal in possessions? Not in Jefferson's time, much less to-day, when 25,000 persons own one half of the wealth produced by 60,000,000 of freemen in the United States. Equal before the law? Not in a time when a whole race was held captive, and a whole sex forgotten. What a bitter mockery that declaration would have been to the black men, and to the women of Jefferson's time, if they had had the power to perceive and the courage to resent it.

All men are born free and equal in opportunity, to live, to labor upon the earth, and to enjoy the fruits of their own industry.

This is the reading which we, as single-tax men, put in this latest continental congress, upon that immortal and hollow sounding instrument. We draw no line of color, creed, or sex. We mean *all* men.

What a comment upon human nature it is, that for two generations Fourth of July orators went about shouting with grandiloquent gestures that sentence, "We hold all men born free and equal," while, as they spoke, under the flag of Liberty, one entire sex was ignored in government and education, and from two to three millions of people had no rights at all, and no more freedom than the ox in the furrow, and stood equal only among themselves in their heritage of shame and despair.

And in the North, year after year, it was being bellowed from the stump at barbecues, from the platform at caucuses, and at political ratification meetings, while all the time white slavery was widening in extent, and deepening in distress, the bound girl becoming the white slave, the bound boy becoming the mortgaged farmer; while at the same moment vast monopolies fed upon special privileges, on huge slices of land, on gifts of rights in the public streets, had special warranty to rob every hearth of heat and every home of light by getting and controlling the coal fields and oil wells, while all the time inventions, thriving beyond the wildest dreams, made production so great, so prolific, that to produce became a crime! And the lockout was begun.

But at last, under the leadership of Henry George, the single-tax men of America have made that immortal old parchment blaze with light. Into those epithets, those grandiose periods, is flowing a swift, electric power which makes them full of the thunder roll of prophecy. They have come to mean the abolition of all slavery, white slavery, the slavery of women, the slavery of the farmer. They are to be taken to mean that constitutional robbery of one man by another shall stop.

"We hold that all men are equally entitled to the use and enjoyment of what God has created and of what is gained by the general growth and improvement of the community of which they are a part," read the chairman, and the ringing cheer which arose from the five hundred delegates seated around, thrilled me with awe. These men were in deadly earnest. There they sat, mostly young, less than forty, judges, mechanics, clergymen, teachers, lawyers, men holding high social and civic honors, seated in their places beside mechanics and craftsmen whose eyes blazed with the same fire. A wonderful development of our society and day.

Then I thought of the mighty bulwark, superstition, behind which the rich and powerful of the earth sit entrenched; and for a moment my heart failed me. Then I thought of the little band of men, who, fifty years before, had proclaimed the approaching death of chattel slavery, and I thrilled again with the memory of their courage in the face of what seemed the hopelessly impossible. This group of men and this meeting too, will be historic; standing as it does for a further extension of individual liberty, it must succeed. These dauntless souls, like those who carried forward the cause of the black slave, will yet abolish the slavery of men, women, and children; will abolish industrial slavery.

Theirs not to ask when it will come; theirs only to enunciate the great principles of liberty and brotherhood,—yet, none so well as these men know the mighty unrest of our nation this day. None better than Henry George knows the terrible convulsion which threatens us; but no class of men has more faith in the power of truth and freedom to avert disaster and death. The need is for fearless, earnest men to lead the blind, reeling millions of our cities, to preach justice and not charity.

Thus it is seen that something vast attaches to the doc-

trine we hold. It is not a fiscal reform alone, and yet if it meant no more than its fiscal side, the single tax is a reform capable of exciting great enthusiasm. Beginning on the solid earth, it mounts through "Free Trade, Free Production, Free Land, Free Men!" to the highest conception of truth and right. It is a road leading to a land in whose serene air vices die and virtues bloom. It begins where we stand; the swift runner mounts into the air as he runs, like the eagle.

We believe in absolute freedom of exchange. Exchange is a sort of production, and to tax it or burden it in any way, or to allow it to be monopolized, is to oppress industry and to check enterprise. We assert that nations never trade, that individuals trade, and trade because by trading each party to the exchange is made richer and happier. We are free traders, therefore, because we deny the right of a government to come between two individuals peaceably seeking mutual benefit. Free trade is as much a part of our declaration of rights as the freedom to breathe the air.

As fiscal reformers, we denounce the present system of taxation as (1) *cumbrous*, (2) *inexpedient*, (3) *unequal*, (4) *unjust*, and (5) *iniquitous*.

That it is *cumbrous* needs no demonstration. That it is *inexpedient* is admitted by those who have knowledge of how generally taxes on personal property are invaded. Thomas G. Shearman, in an address to the Ohio Legislature, conclusively proved that with the growing wealth and complexity of our social system, the greater cities and their great merchants and millionaire proprietors escape taxation more and more completely, throwing heavier burdens upon the villages and the farms each year. In most States, as every assessor can testify, the returns on personal property are decreasing in proportion to the entire wealth of the State, and are directly proportioned to the honesty of the one assessed, who practically assesses himself.* Thus a premium is put on perjury,

*The estate of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hartt, of Brookline, is now held in trust for their minor children by Messrs. A. W. Nickerson of Marion and G. A. Nickerson of Dedham. These gentlemen asked to have the property of their wards assessed at \$1,000,000 instead of \$300,000, at which it had been rated, and on being refused by the Brookline assessors, transferred it to Dedham, where it was assessed at the figures they set. Hereupon it is related that Mr. N. A. Francis, a recently elected member of the Brookline board of assessors, served a notice on the Dedham assessors that their action was illegal, and discovered by examining the probate records that the trust funds amounted to over \$700,000. The Dedham assessors being

while honesty pays the tax. The attempt to tax personal property is inexpedient because it fails to raise sufficient revenue to warrant the trouble and expense.

Our system of taxation on personal property and improvements, we charge, is *unequal*. Not only does it fall with the greatest force upon honesty, but upon helplessness. Under the present system, no matter where the tax is levied, it is paid by the consumer; and as the man who consumes his entire income, the maximum rate of tax is paid by the poor man, the minimum rate by the rich man who consumes but part of his income.

We deny the *equality* of a tax levied upon anything, the price of which can be increased by the amount of the tax, and thus fall in the end, with crushing and *invisible* weight upon the farmer and mechanic, and upon women and children. We denounce all indirect taxation as a device of surviving despotism, by means of which the life of the toiler is crushed out, while he groans in wondering dismay and bewilderment.

All of the taxes at present levied upon personal property, improvements, any product of individual industry, are shifted in enhanced prices to be paid in full, with accrued percentages, by the consumer. A tax upon a tenement is paid by the renter. A tax upon a factory is shifted to the price of goods. A tax upon railways, cars, motors, horses, stations, is shifted to the shipper, the traveller, or upon the wages of the employees.*

threatened with prosecution, consented to tax the estate at the value given in the inventories at the probate office.

This is simply one case out of thousands to illustrate the folly of taxing personal property. Suppose this estate had not been on record as an inheritance! Jonathan A. Lane calculated that less than one sixth of the personal property of the State of Massachusetts was assessed. And the New York Evening Post stated that personal property valuations in New York State have fallen off a hundred millions of dollars since '67.

* There are two ways in which a tax can be shifted — (1) by raising the price of the thing taxed, and (2) by appropriating the wages of labor. This shifting of the tax is not a matter of personal caprice — in fact, most men know very little about it. It is a law, like the law of wages, attendant on wide conditions.

If the workingman, the farmer, once gets to see this law, which all students of taxation recognize, indirect taxation will stop. Let the reader consider this principle, never tax any product whose price can be raised to cover the amount of the tax. This principle will, if applied, kill all indirect taxation.

A writer in the *Standard* states the principle:

The selling price of land depends upon the difference between the annual tax on it and its annual rent. If we should tax it up to its full rental value, it would have no selling price. If we did not tax it at all, its selling value would be its full rental value capitalized. Therefore, the nearer the tax comes to rental value the lower the price and vice versa. But the price of

The tax upon values produced by individuals is *unjust*, a fine upon industry, a deterrent of enterprise, and a drag on the wheel of progress. A tax upon dogs is supposed to discourage the keeping of dogs, a tax upon windows certainly lessens the number of windows, as in France. A tax upon houses tends to prevent the building of houses, and thus raises rent, but a tax upon the value of the land a man holds, leaves production free.

Tax a man upon his skill and industry, and you lay a weight upon his shoulders. Why should a man be taxed for building a house? Why should he be fined for laying out a garden or rebuilding his wall? If he wants to open a saloon, — a bad business, — he is taxed in order to keep the number of saloons down; and if he opens a store, or builds a block of houses, — a good business, — his burden of tax is three times heavier. There is no virtue in such logic.

The single tax on land values would set all legitimate industry absolutely free. There would be no fine for building houses or manufacturing goods. The man who planted a tree would not be watched like a criminal, and a man might re-build his garden wall in idyllic peace; for we proceed under the supposition that the man who makes two spears of wheat grow where one grew before, is a public benefactor. We say it is not only bad policy, it is unjust to fine industry. It is taxing a man according to what he produces in theory, and according to his helplessness, in fact. To do this is to make honesty and industry difficult, and crime, and indolence, and vice, natural and necessary.*

products of labor is made up of the cost of production and sale, and all taxes upon those must be added to the price. Therefore, the higher the tax the higher the prices. Now since taxing land makes it cheaper, why is it not a good thing to tax for revenue, and since taxing everything else makes the things dearer, why are not such taxes bad? Why should we not raise all our revenues by a tax on the thing that taxation agrees with so well that it cheapens the thing?

J. G. MALCOLM.

That is to say, the actual amount of land cannot be increased or diminished by a tax. It is not a product of human labor. But the amount of *available* land can be increased and the price cheapened by the tax. A tax on land-values is the only tax that cannot be shifted.

* The single-tax philosophy points out that there are two values attaching to land, — a value traceable to the work of some individual's hands, and a value not traceable to individual labor, but due to the labor and presence of the social group. This value can be seen in city lots worth many thousands of dollars, upon which no man has ever put a day's labor. This is *social* value produced by the entire people, belonging to the city, or State. Each man we say should be taxed upon the social value (or deficit) he holds, not upon the value he creates. It may be said, what difference does it make

We make a graver charge yet. We charge the present system of taxation to be not merely a fine, a crushing weight on industry, but an *iniquitous* premium on idleness and greed, for it nurtures and fosters the most dangerous of all idleness, speculation in land. Just in proportion as taxation bears a grinding weight upon the shoulders of enterprise, does it favor and foster the speculator, creating a parasite whose clutch strangles, whose gluttony drains industry of life-blood.

A long series of sales noted in New York City showed that land held purely for speculation was taxed at a valuation of from twenty to forty-five per cent. of its selling value, while land in use was taxed on a basis from forty-five to eighty-five per cent. of its value. Other cities will show even a worse state of things. The user of land is punished. The speculator is aided, because, poor fellow! he's not getting any income from his land. Why don't he sell it? might be asked.

In the suburbs of every city are lands held out of use, or used merely as pastures, which are taxed at acre rates, but when a man buys a lot he pays by the foot, and thereafter is taxed by the foot, and the instant they are used taxes begin. Thus is speculation made more profitable and alluring than legitimate business. Thus is our greatest national vice fostered, and the eyes of industry filled with lust of unearned wealth. When it becomes understood that when a man taking a dollar by a rise in land-values takes that which somebody else has earned, then will speculation appear as it is, a crime against society.

Speculation in land — what harm has it done? What has it not done? In the first century of our nation's life it has scattered us out from sea to sea, pushing men on into the wilderness, into the forest and on the plain, keeping us a nation of pioneers, holding the body of our people against the inclemency, the rigors, the solitudes of our land, when we might have been living east of the Mississippi River, or even east of the Alleghanies, in a state of civilization so high that its actuality would be a dreamer's vision. Speculation

whether a man pays his tax on personal property and land, or on land alone? It would make considerable difference whether he paid two per cent. on house and land (say \$3,000), or two per cent. on land alone (\$1,000). Whether he paid sixty dollars on land and personal property, or twenty dollars on land value alone. Who would make up the difference? The speculator, the monopolist, the holder of franchises.

in land! It has created vast corporations and privileged classes. It has created artificial scarcity of land, air, and water. It has opposed progress and enslaved labor by shutting industry from Nature's vast storehouse. It has reduced wages, raised rents, and made of the body of the American people tenants, and mortgaged farmers. It has created the tenement house and the settler's lonely cabin. It has put a greater pressure upon a square mile of earth in New York (two hundred and ninety thousand to the square mile) than in any other city in the world, while half the site of the city is vacant. It produces the North End rookery, with its overcrowding, and the settler's shanty, with its loneliness and despair. It has bred vice and crime in our city streets, and madness and brutality in the backwoods, and on the plain. It has scattered the rural population, and piled business men into fourteen-story buildings in the city.

It makes coal high and the miners' wages low. It holds a sword over capital, and puts a fetter on the wrist of labor. It produces colossal fortunes without toil, and supports giant corporations to dominate our legislature. It gives the many into the hands of the few, produces the millionnaire and the tramp, — producing in two generations the richest men the world has ever seen. It builds hospitals, and denies justice. It has made us a nation of landless and homeless families, dependent upon the caprice of a smaller class.*

It is the menace of our land this day. It is a vast vampire, under whose brooding wings our nation is being robbed of its life-blood. It is the curse of Italy, the death of Spain, the outrage of Ireland. It forces the emigrant from his native valley into competition with American labor. It turns the crofter's cottage on the hills of Scotland into sheep-sheds, and draws a river of gold from starving Ireland.

It is a relic of feudalism. It possesses the old world, and we have permitted it to come in and work us shame and terror till to-day we stand facing it, as Beowulf faced the serpent in the sea. It is the greatest heritage of evil transmitted to us out of the sinister past, and progress will consist in destroying it as we destroyed chattel slavery. Its abolition will be the abolition of industrial slavery.

* One family in New York owns houses enough to reach from Castle Garden to Harlem river. Only 40 per cent. of the rest of the families of New York live in separate houses.

Why? Because speculation in land employs no labor, but stands in the way of labor. It is a sort of piracy. It says to the manufacturer, farmer, artisan, "Before you build, till, or fashion, you must pay me a tribute. 'I am Caesar, whose claims must be met first.'"

It supports a plutocracy, as dependent upon the labor of others as the paupers in the almshouses.

Thus we show that, by means of the present machinery of taxation, we can strike a blow at a business whose iniquity thousands are beginning to understand at last. It is not necessary to make socialistic laws regulating the amount of land a man may hold, nor to declare against excessive rents. It is only necessary to tax the holder of vacant land just as if it were used, just the same as a neighboring lot of the same site-value, and the business of holding land out of use for a higher price will be less profitable than industry. This is the "single-tax, limited;" this is the fiscal side of a reform whose ethics strike at the root of evil lying deep in the darkness of the past.

Land speculation springs from the unrestricted ownership of lands by individuals, and our entire system of taxation is based on the interests of the landed class. Private ownership of land, as Mr. Spencer has stated in "Social Statics," is based not upon right, but might. It is an accompaniment of militancy; fundamentally it is based on the superstition that one man has a diviner right to the earth than another. It will disappear when men come to see that we are all equally-endowed children of the earth and the air.

I am loath to criticise any theory held by sincere men, but I believe the whole socialistic theory is based upon a misconception of the tendency of society — a misconception springing from an imperfect study of history. The history of property is undoubtedly opposed to the socialistic idea. The past is not individualistic, but socialistic. The age of socialism is not coming on, but departing. The past, the tribal state, the feudal age, was the age when the individual belonged to the state, and forcible co-operation was at its greatest. The state — it was the people. Individuality counted for little. Names were of little account save among the rulers.

Nothing is more mistaken and absurd than the attack upon Mr. Spencer as "the advocate of war between man and man." What the Nationalists anathematize as "individualism" we, as individualists, are as ready to condemn as they, because it is

not individualism at all, but the surviving and slowly retreating effect of socialism, paternalism, and special privilege. Let me call the attention of those socialistically inclined to the following passage from Spencer's "Political Institutions," Chapter XV.

"Complete individualization of ownership is an accompaniment of industrial progress. From the beginning things identified as products of a man's labor are identified as his, and throughout the course of civilization, communal possession and joint household living have not excluded the recognition of a *peculium* obtained by individual effort."

But "the individualization of ownership extended and made more definite by trading transactions under contract eventually affects the ownership of land. Bought and sold by measure, and for money, land is assimilated in this respect to the personal property produced by labor, and thus becomes in general apprehension confounded with it."

And so would air, if it could have been physically handled and laid off in parcels

"But there is reason to suspect that while *private possession* of things *produced by labor* will grow even *more definite* and *sacred* than at present, the *inhabited area* which cannot be produced by labor *will eventually be distinguished as something which may not be privately possessed.*"

Thus the claim that society has been moving toward socialistic ownership and government, Mr. Spencer finds, after vast research, to be untrue. On the contrary, as the rigors of militant regulation have softened or given way, as the age of industrialism draws on in Europe and has fully appeared in America, there results greater and greater freedom of the individual, greater and greater definiteness in the lines which divide him and his from the State and the property of the State. That there is a tendency toward the abolition of private property in land, there can be no doubt, but that tendency only makes more definite and sacred the right of the individual to the fruits of his labor.

Voluntary co-operation, also, everywhere goes on with the expanding individuality of the citizen, together with his increasing freedom from governmental or military control. It is this unconscious, voluntary, and spontaneous co-operation which the nationalist mistakes as leading toward more general governmental control of individuals and individual property.

"But," writes a nationalist, "Nationalism is not paternalism, it is fraternalism." Very well, then, why organize a vast and intricate system of military machinery? Can you not trust freedom and fraternalism? I, for one, have such faith in human nature, such trust in the ever-growing altruism of expanding individuality, that I am content to work for freedom, for less government, less militancy, less meddling with spontaneous co-operation among the units of society. I do not care to see a society where all direction of affairs comes from some personification of a crowd. I find myself suspicious of the hard and fast arrangement of the Nationalists for forcing fraternity. I prefer to kill the trusts and monopolies rather than nurture them, in hope of "finally getting one enormous trust, the State." I have small reason to believe that the big trust would be any more clearly managed in the interests of the consumer than these smaller trusts it is proposed to absorb.

No, free competition is not the evil. *There is no free competition, and never has been, and never will be, till all men are put on an equality as regards natural opportunities.* If the pressure of the air were only upon one side of the body, man would be crushed to the earth, but the pressure being equally exerted on all sides, he is as free to move as if no pressure existed. So of competition. It is not an evil if it is free and universal.

It is the unnatural, deepening, ferocious need of labor for a job, the struggle of an ordinary industry against a privileged industry, that is mistaken for free competition.

If competition were really free, if every industry were strong only by reason of its producing power, the strife of each man to enrich himself would only result in enriching the world. Great fortunes do not arise out of free competition, but the lack of it.

Show us any great fortune, any overtopping industry, and we will show (if the inner facts are open to us) that it was built up, not by industry, brains, and skill, but by special privilege, by the extension of license and not the assertion of liberty.*

* In the biography of the Stewarts, the Vanderbilts, the Girards, the Goulds, will come a significant sentence like this: "This year Mr. G. put a few thousand dollars into some land in Harlem, which has since sold for a quarter of a million." Or "Mr. V.'s land, at the corner of Broadway and Seventh Streets, has increased in yearly value in proportion to the population

We believe in the governmental control of all monopolies, (industries that in their natures deny the equal rights of all men), such as privileges in the streets, water privileges, right of way for railways, wharves, and in general, any private or corporate right in land. (Every man is a monopolist just to the extent that he possesses land to the exclusion of others, at the last analysis.)

Under the single tax these monopolies would not be owned or necessarily run by the government in all cases, but they would be obliged to pay the entire annual value of the special monopoly they held, into the treasury of the State or city. And here we are nearly in accord with the Nationalists. Here is our point of agreement,—that all industries in their nature monopolies should not be left in private or corporate hands,—at least not without governmental control.

But a cotton mill is not a monopoly in itself. If it appears to be a monopoly it is by virtue of special privilege and not by virtue of the power to produce. Free competition among cotton mills would only result in more cotton and better clothing. The trouble is, there is no free competition in any industry to-day. It is a war between special privilege on one side, with capital and labor quarrelling among themselves on the other. Out of privilege the trust is born.

Suppose conditions of freedom. Suppose every laboring man in the United States to have the choice of two jobs. Suppose every cotton mill to be stripped of its special monopoly of land and water. And then suppose these mills competing among themselves, and what is the result? Each miller says, "I'm going to produce more cloth and better cloth than any other man." What happens?

Wages rise, because to produce more he must employ more men, and to get men he must bid for a man

of the city, and now brings a rental of two hundred thousand dollars per year." This is what we mean by unearned increment, growth in value not dependent on the monopolist's skill, industry, or virtue, exacted by him from the toiling masses, who press upon the special piece of Nature which he has appropriated, and joined with this, there goes on the appropriation of the earnings of labor, getting each year more easy because of the tightening coil of monopolies. And it is this value which the single-tax would levy upon, this unearned increment.

We would tax the woollen mills, Jay Gould, and the working man upon the value of the monopoly each holds. The mill would not be able to shift its tax upon the price of its cotton, the wages of its employees, nor by raising the rents of their houses. This tax would be levied upon the value of their water privilege, their land-values, but they would be left free to manufacture; for the more they produced, the cheaper their product, and the higher wages would rise.

already with a job. The price of his product will fall, because he cannot control the price. Others are as anxious to sell as he. He can't take his profits out of his men, for they have other and equally as good jobs open to them. He can't recoup himself out of unearned increment. He is placed on a level with every other business man. A free field and no favor. That would be free competition.

How is it now? What gives the millers of Lawrence, for convenient example, their enormous power? What makes it possible for them to crowd out smaller firms? Their privileges in land and water, first of all, and second, their despotic power over their men and women, from whose hands they take every year a larger per cent. of wages, so that less than fifteen per cent. of the product of their hands remains to their own use.

What gives them this power over the men? Simply the unnatural, forced competition among laborers to find employment, because all over this broad, generous land, men and women wander, seeking work, because there are too many men, and not work enough to go around. A million and a half of men out of work, bidding against the men who are in work! This eager, pitifully-meek crowd of jostling men and women at the employer's gate, allows him to fix things to suit himself. Their desperate need makes his majestic and lordly arrogance. Their meekness is the making of his insolent greed or paternal patronage.

The socialists beg the whole question by constantly speaking of "labor" as if only the digger or chopper were labor. Labor with them means evidently a common hand without tools. Labor with the individualist means men and women as they are to-day, with all the producing powers, all their skill, thought, *fraternity* and *high* purpose. Labor is the producing cause, producing all capital, all wealth—all things but Nature. To suppose that unaided capital can oppress labor is to suppose the shovel capable of knocking its user down. It is land-monopoly wearing the mask of capital that oppresses. Capital has no "divine right." It wastes, decays, but the land owner never fails to get the best of the bargain. In the air of freedom the trust will die.

Under free and equal conditions no millionnaires can rise and no laborer be forced into poverty, because men do not differ so greatly in powers as would seem to be indicated by

the vast fortunes of our day. In the eyes of science Mr. Gould varies from one of his engineers very much as one grasshopper varies from another, just as one blackbird develops a longer wing or a larger thigh than another. Stripped of his advantages—the privileges with which a superstitious age endows him—and Mr. Gould would become what he is, a rather smallish man, differing slightly from the type. His wealth, the product of an unswerving law, himself the chance owner, because, so long as land remains limited in amount and population increases, somebody *must* be enriched without labor, and the greater the invention, the intelligence, the morality of the people, the higher will the price of land go, and the deeper and broader will be the gulf between the man enriched and the man impoverished by landlordism. It is of no value to point out here and there an apparent exception. Somebody in a sale of land, always gets what he has not earned, and it is the worker, the user, who pays all the bills.*

This must continue as long as the value of land due to the pressure of population is allowed to go into private pockets. It has all the effect of an inexorable law. All inventions, freedom of commerce, ownership of railways, education, sanitation are powerless to fulfil their mission in enriching the average man, so long as speculation in land continues. They will only result in raising rents and ultimately in enriching the landowner. Freedom, equality, and fraternity are impossible under such conditions, because the whole struggle to live is so bitter, so ferocious.

Now to destroy monopoly, establish justice, give fraternity an opportunity to bloom, and bring about free competition in fact, we offer the single tax. We offer it as a practical, gradual *method* of restoring social equilibrium. We take taxation as a means to do this, because the right to tax is

* Here comes in also the fact, which men like Edward Atkinson fail to comprehend. They are always saying, "There are no landless men except of choice; that practically free land is now to be had in the suburbs and on the borders." Suppose this were true, and suppose a mechanic by spending two extra hours on a horse-car, could obtain a little home in the suburbs. Suppose this to be true, it does not affect the real question; the curse of the system is, that the moment any such movement is *generally* taken up, land rises in value till the poor man is unable to buy. The moment any considerable number of men attempt to settle at any point, the price of land goes up, and the few are always enriched at the expense of the rest. This principle is well understood by the boomers of New Hampshire who are planning to raise the price of land by the importation of Swedish colonists.

generally admitted, and forms the best instrument possible to readjust conditions.

How would the single tax destroy speculation, free labor, and establish justice? Is it not absurd to say that so simple a measure will do so much? Its simplicity is its magnificent virtue. It is not a new law nor a set of laws. It is not a new restriction, nor an extension of the powers of government; it is a vast stride toward freedom. It argues results from proved tendencies; its influences can be tested by reference to the motives of men now. It does not require the transformation of greed into gratitude.

Its partial application as fiscal reform would begin at once to produce the most important effects.

Let us note a few of these effects. First the effect on industry has been noted. Being released from tax, production will everywhere receive a new impetus. This does not need demonstration. This activity in trade and manufacturing will cheapen the price of products at the same time that a greater demand for labor tends to raise wages.* This would not mean that the increase of wages should come out of the business man, but that it would come out of the landlord. A mine-owner for example would be taxed as a mine-owner, not as mine-user. His tools and shafts would be untaxed, his privilege would be taxed just the same whether he used it or not. Result, he would use, or sell to someone who would use. Our coal-barons are taxed but a few cents per acre upon their vast holdings of incalculably valuable lands; this is why they can regulate the out-put of coal and "pluck" the helpless miner. Tax them according to the value they hold, tax them to the full of the annual value of each acre of mining land, and the coal-barons would give way to a thousand co-operative mining companies. Miners would have higher wages and steadier work, while we in Boston would find coal cheaper.

The naked facts of our mining regions are so ghastly, so horrifying, that it seems impossible under the stars and stripes.

* To show the misapprehension about the *necessities* of the case I clip an objection and its answer.

The essence of what labor wants, of course, is a larger share in the proceeds of production, and this obviously, is to be obtained only by the allotment of a smaller share to capital.—*Providence Journal*.

This might be correct if it did not ignore the third factor of production, land. Land is neither capital nor labor, and yet its owners absorb a large proportion of what labor and capital jointly produce from land.—*Boston Globe*.

A frightful avocation at its best; when joined with low wages, uncertain employment, miserable living in a tenement home in a desolate region, it reaches the heights of tragedy. These coal-barons standing there above the great seams of coal Nature has put there for all men, collect from free Americans untold millions of tribute, while the miner who toils in the darkness and damp gets just pay enough to live and produce children to take his place when he dies.

In the face of one of these men the boasted American civilization fades into mist. This measureless wrong we call freedom — freedom to toil like a slave and die like a dog!

The effect on wages. Not only would the single tax raise wages, it would free labor. On this point alone it rises above a fiscal reform to become a peaceful revolution. The slavery of labor consists in its dependency upon the employer. In the vast increasingly complex machinery of society, the artisan feels himself more and more a cog, without power to move aside from his place. The employer fixes wages, buying his labor as he buys his lumber, at the lowest market rate, a rate which labor has little or no power to alter.

The laborer is not only powerless to fix the rate at which he will work, but powerless to keep down the rising rent that is ready to swallow him up. He says, "Please, mister, can't y' give me a job?" and he huddles his family into two or three rooms in a miasmatic alley. The employer could not stir a wheel or move a car without him, and yet so abject is labor, the employer knows he can set the price of a day's work. This spectacle of the producing agent of society begging for the chance to create wealth for the opportunity of receiving back fifteen per cent. of it, is a pitiable result of a hundred years of "freedom."

To give labor the power to make a free contract with the employer will amount to a complete revolution of the wheel. "Free contract, he has it now," someone says. "No one forces him to take a dollar and a half per day." No "one" does, but society and the sinister shadow of want and suffering do. No slave ever had such relentless overseer. There is no lash so cruel as hunger, no subduer of rebellious hearts like the gleam of a tear on the cheek of a hungry child. Free contract? How can there be free contract where a man has a wife and children depending upon his daily labor at any price?

This is why all strikes are so futile. Great as protests of labor, they fail because "while capital wastes, labor *starves*;" because the supply of men eager to work is limitless apparently—men so eager they will take their lives in their hands to get the place left by the striker. The whole theory of labor organization from the times of Chaucer to the present has been, "there are too many men—too little work. We must keep the number of workmen down." This is the feeling lying at the heart of the opposition to emigration, the opposition to labor-saving machinery and the opposition to women in trades. "Keep the number of hands down. There is only so much work. There must not be too many men."

But in the single tax a new idea appears, *Why not increase the number of jobs?* How! By taxing speculation out of existence, and releasing all industry. By bringing mines, forests, lots, into the market at low prices, by putting raw Nature into the hands of industry and out of the hands of the speculator who employs no labor.

The more men the less work, is not true, necessarily. Under the single tax the more men the more work; two men working together can produce more than twice as much as one man, a hundred men much more than a hundred times as much as two men. The trouble is the landlord comes in between and shares the wealth but not the toil.

Not work enough! What is work? It is the application of a living hand directed by a creative brain, upon matter. It creates nothing, it destroys nothing. It simply takes from the vast ebb and flow of Nature a portion of her abundance—a modicum of matter—fashions it, transports it, puts it to use, and then at last, sooner or later it is reabsorbed into the endless cycle. Men and the things they need are only forms of matter, and Nature is inexhaustible, generous, and impartial. How comes it that work is scarce, hunger plenty, and nakedness common? Not because work or food is scarce, but because to support himself, the toiler must support the family of his land-owner first, because he is not free to take and fashion the indestructible material that lies just at his hand. The opportunity for labor is illimitable, but a despotic law bars the laborer out.

We call upon organized labor to turn its attention to the speculator as the "scab" to be driven out. Free Nature and

labor is free. Give each man the choice of two jobs at equal prices, have two employers bidding for his work and you have a free man to make a free contract. When the employer sends out on the street for men (as I have seen happen temporarily in western towns), then there is no cringing of labor, no appeal, "Please mister, give me a job." It is man to man and face to face, a free contract.

The American workman does not need protection, paternalism. What he needs is absolute equality as regards "a chance" and then freedom. I suspect the reader will begin to think that the single tax is going to the root of things. If labor were free to choose its job and practically to fix its own wages, what would result?

It may be inferred men would not "stake coal" in the hell of a steamer's hold, or collect garbage, or work amid red-hot iron out of choice. It would not need Bellamyism to equalize things. The highest wages would necessarily be paid for the most disagreeable jobs, and *invention would be turned for a while upon making these horrible jobs a little more tolerable*. It would be discovered that the hold of a vessel might be ventilated, that the coal might be moved by machinery, that the foundry or press-basement might be differently situated, and the wind let in some way.

I think a little consideration of this point will satisfy that to free labor is to do it all. The desires of the free man may be trusted to abolish the horrors that now surround almost all kinds of manual labor. A governmental regulation of these things is so far away around, and so very uncertain of getting around, that single-tax men would rather try the effect of freedom. Freedom will shorten the hours of labor, raise wages, dignify work, and make the wage-earner a man among men, for free-men prefer short hours to long, high wages to low.

Will he not abuse his freedom? Who is to say what the mechanic or craftsman shall demand? Would he not destroy business by demanding too much? That will regulate itself. Supply and demand — under free conditions — will regulate that. But who will collect our garbage? Who will do our menial tasks when the laboring man is free? This question is often asked as if a God-given prerogative were about to be taken away. I say if a task is so menial that only abject want will drive a human being to it, it is an outrage to re-

quire it, and the sooner it is done away with the better. I do not ask anyone to do what I would not do myself if I were physically able. I never go by a gang of men in the street working under the flaming sun and amid the deadly fumes of gas, that I do not say, "Those men under freedom would demand and get the highest wages paid." The pyramid now stands on its apex, as Shelley said. The easiest task gets the highest pay.

I believe all paid bodily attendance, all menial duties will disappear when labor is free. There must come in a change. The treatment of servants in many homes is an outrage on humanity. The life the servant girls lead is appalling to a mind not vitiated by flunkeyism. Ten to sixteen hours per day labor; beds in the basement, damp, mouldy, or up in the garret in bare, unwarmed rooms,— and worse than all, no home, no little nook of their own, pitifully alien in the midst of all the comfort and elegance around them. No wonder they prefer the shop or the store, and a poor, little rented room and a sort of freedom. This cannot endure; the human heart rebels at it; the womanly soul cries out against it. Labor *must* be honorable when the workman is free, or he will not do it. Once the pressure of want is taken off him, he will stand tall in his manhood. He will wear no man's livery. He will follow his own desires with no man to say him nay, till he infringes upon the rights of someone else. So far as I am personally concerned, I say that any part of our so-called civilization which rests upon the enforced degradation, the homelessness, the brutalizing toil of my fellow men and women, is only the vanity and pride of a plutocracy whose abolition will be the flower of freedom and the triumph of truth.

The effect of the single tax in cities I have indicated. They would level down, and cut over the vacant lots, the huge ten-story building would not stand beside the old rookery. The tenement house would disappear. Individual homes would multiply. There would be a gradual shifting of population from the heart of the city to the suburbs, because the most valuable lands would necessarily be used for the most productive business. Slowly the saloon and the schoolhouse would part company. The terrible North Ends and South Ends would disappear. Rapid transit (by the municipal railways) would no longer enrich real-estate boomers, but

would make it easy for the mechanic to possess a Queen Anne cottage in the suburbs, his only tax being levied upon the site value of his little lot.*

The need of escaping rent crowds people together on one lot in the city, but it scatters them in the country. Under the single tax the farming population would draw together. The speculator being taxed into selling or using his land, population would aggregate into cities and towns and a new era begin for the farmer.

It is not the poverty, the endless and ferocious work of the farm and shop that appalls. It is the waste of human life. The solitude, brutalizing surroundings, the barrenness and monotony, the scream of planes, the howl of cog-wheels — these things that tend to make man only a brute or a machine — these are the things that horrify the thinker. They are not civilization. I agree with William Morris there. It is because into the life of the farmer the single tax would bring music, painting, song, the theatre, that I advocate it with such persistent enthusiasm. I am a farmer by training, and my sympathies go out to these trusting, sober, frugal men and women in their joyless lives. It is my hope to see them enjoying some of the intellectual delights which make life worth living. With the rise of towns and the concentration of the rural population, swift strides in civilization will come.

“But will not a tax on land-values rest heavily on the farmer?” asks someone. No: the land-value of the working farmer is very much less than the value of his tillage, buildings, machinery, etc. His direct tax would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be less than now. If he is a *speculative* farmer, like those Edward Atkinson represents, his tax will be heavier, as it ought to be. The single tax hits the speculator’s head, wherever it sees one. The working farmer will find his direct tax reduced from twenty-five per cent. to seventy-five per cent., and *his indirect taxes will be wiped out*.

*The assertion of Edward Atkinson that to raise the present tax of Boston would require under the single tax a levy of \$33 per thousand, shows how absurd a man can be when trying to combat a great reform with partial statement of fact. The glaring evil is the under-valuation of lands held out of use. The franchises of Boston are now given away, under the single tax their entire annual value would come into the treasury.

But if the entire annual rental of all land and land privileges in Boston were unsufficient to run the government it would not affect the vital part of the question. To whom does the ground rent belong, to the people of Boston, or to private individuals? That is the contention.

It is the indirect tax that lays with such invisible weight upon him, not merely the tax proper to the government with all its percentages of increase from hand to hand, but the still greater private tax of the monopolist of mines, forests, mill-privileges, and city lots, all of whose exactions of tribute come back upon the farmer with crushing weight in the price of his tools, clothing, building materials, etc. Under the single tax, his entire tax would be less than he now pays to some monopolist in buying a mowing machine or his winter clothing.

The farmer of all men is to be benefitted by this reform.

But will not the rich man, the bond-holder escape? objects the farmer. No. Stocks and bonds derive their value mainly from land values, and they would be taxed at the source of their value by the single tax. So far as they relate to improvements they ought not to be taxed; in so far as they relate to privileges on land they would infallibly be reached by the tax on social value, or ground-rent.

In the South the idea of this further extension of freedom is making way. Already the young men of Virginia are taking up and carrying forward the work Jefferson and Garrison laid down,—for although the South would share in all that comes with concentration and comfort, it would benefit specially, because the single-tax idea would solve the negro problem.

The single tax will solve the black man's problem by opening the storehouse of Mother Earth to him, without the necessity of a tribute to some private individual. His slavery admittedly is still abject, and his suffering greater than before. I don't mean to belittle what has been done, but he seems to me to stand at present between a dire half-slavery and freedom. He is freed from his master, but is enslaved like his white brother to the "boss," and the land-owner. As an Individualist I do not assert that the black is equal in virtue to the white. I do not assert he should be equal in political power, or equal socially, or equal in wealth. I simply assert his equality with every other man as regards his heritage in the gifts of air, sun, water, and land. We say give him equality of opportunity. Let him see industry untaxed and idle speculation abolished; give him freedom and incentive to be industrious, sober, and honest; then he will see that his failure lies with himself. The South will yet see that a completer freedom will solve the negro problem.

So the individualistic single-tax idea would have solved the Indian problem. But God help us! we've almost solved it by annihilating the race. I say the greed of the speculator in land, the boomer, has everywhere thrust the knife into the Indian's heart. Boomers have given him drink, bought his lands for a few beads, lobbied Congress to push him farther west. Boomers, speculators have kept him from being civilized, have stood between the real settler and the Indian with rifle and whiskey jug in hand. We had no real need of these lands. It was an artificial scarcity of land, created by the power of the boomer, to get and hold more than he could use, or intended to use. I say that proceeding naturally, we would not yet have reached the Mississippi River, and that by bringing the virtues, and not the vices, of civilization to bear on the Indian, our century would not have been one of dishonor. We say, therefore, that by instituting private property in land among the Indians, their ruin is complete. This the boomers know. The single tax would teach them art, and science, and the rights of property, which forbid private ownership in lands.

It will thus be seen that the reform we advocate is simple, but it is the simplicity of a great natural principle. "It begins where two and two make four, it mounts to the region where the lightnings sit." It consists in saying one man shall not be forced to feed another. It puts justice in the seat of charity and says to wronged and cheated human nature: go breathe the free air and drink the pure water, till disease and deformity vanish. The single tax would destroy greed by making it impotent. It would leave virtue and intelligence room to develop, putting them above stupidity, greed, and governmentally-aided selfishness.

Our reform is not a palliative. We believe there are two essentials in the ideal state of society, free nature and liberty. Land *must* become practically free. Land is limited in amount, population is unlimited. When we have two hundred millions of people, the oceans will not be one foot farther apart. The need of land grows and its price rises continually. Every year the struggle for a place on American soil will intensify. No nation of earth with equal natural resource ever began in so short a time to feel the need of land as we are feeling it to-day.

If with land partially monopolized, we have swarms of

beggars, tramps, asylums, hospitals,—if these signs of a bitter struggle to live are so great now, what will they be fifty years from now? If land is worth \$14,000,000 per acre in New York to-day, what will it be worth in 1920? In short, looking at this question from the broadest, possible point of view, what is the problem?

Just this: as the struggle for natural resources is ever intensifying and as the possession of land gives greater and greater power to the owner and enslaves the renter, therefore it follows that the present system of land-ownership is sweeping us toward a ferocious and fratricidal war for the possession of the earth. This struggle will result in one of two conditions. Either a vast and all-powerful landed aristocracy will enslave the American masses, or the present system of land-holding must give way.

For us there is only one issue, the monopoly of Nature must go. It will give way with far less of storm and stress than slavery gave in dying. It will be seen to be the next great step in the evolution of the race. The value of the individual increases from age to age; he will soon be sovereign. No one need be alarmed, no one need be taken by surprise. Reforms are growths, they bud before bursting into bloom. No reform can succeed that does not constantly prove its claims to be the best thing for the time.

“Liberty, fraternity, equality!” cried the great French revolutionists, and threw their titles, badges, ‘scutcheons, coats-of-arms into the smelting pot. Liberty, fraternity, equality! And they left untouched the mother of all injustice, the source of all inequality at birth, the root of all aristocracies,—the private ownership of the soil of France. They destroyed a monarchical aristocracy supported by peasants, serfs. They established a republican plutocracy supported by “free” farmers, and women and children toiling in factories. O, great and beneficent change! O, blind philosophers!

The one inalienable right upon which all else depends, they did not secure. The Declaration of Independence which we are reading to-day to the world does not make that mistake. It believes that the evolution of society is bringing a day when the ultimate tenet of single-taxers will be held reasonable,—the right of each man to space.

Out of space we are come, into space we are born. We

move in space, we must have space to set our feet, space to breathe and space to sleep. The need of space is as undeniable as the fact of weight and coherency of our bodies, and to allow any part of a social group, short of the entire membership of that group, to have absolute monopoly of space is a social crime, and human reason revolts against it as against the most vital infringement of the rights of man.

We believe that every child born into the world has at least the same rights as the rattlesnake, the right to himself, the right to breathe the air, to drink the water, and to obtain his food and shelter by his labor upon the materials which make up the world exterior to man. We are content to take the polished professor of political economy at his word. Man has no more natural rights than a rattlesnake.

Give man these rights, and you give him all that government can or ought to give him. Voluntary service and co-operation may be trusted to do the rest. How is it now? Suppose the little rattlesnake coming into the world to find all the snug corners, and nice swamps, and beetle pastures, monopolized by some big rattlesnake, or owned by some other little rattlesnake inheriting an estate, and you have a parallel to the condition of the average child born under the American Flag and the Declaration of Independence.

"The land belongs in usufruct to the living," cried Jefferson, (our first great single-taxer) "the dead have no control over it." And with him we deny the right of one generation to enslave another yet unborn. The use of land to the living, to the unborn the same free legacy. We believe in use not ownership, we would have land *settled*, not bought. We would have men secure in possession of land, but robbed of the power to levy tribute.

In this free air, woman will rise to nobler stature. With individualists the right of woman to vote is reckoned a small part of her rights as an individual, only a minor question. The real question is, was woman born free and equal in opportunities to obtain happiness, acquire virtue, and secure a competency? In other words is she included in the new declaration of rights? If I may answer for the single-tax men of America, I say yes. Women sat in this last convention of patriots with the same powers and the same privileges with the men.

It is now more than a century since that immortal old Dec-

laration was read, and to-day, with rare misgivings, woman is *allowed* to vote on the school question! Man, his head yet filled with the survivals of the middle ages with its measureless lust and cruelty, arrogates to himself the right to say what woman shall do—and this in the face of the sentence which he applauds—"All men are created free and equal,"—applauds because it never occurs to him to mean women, too.

As a single-tax man I say: As I deny the right of any woman to define my sphere, deny me what I earn, or sit in judgment on my rights, so I deny the justice of any custom, law, or edict of a man's government to say what a woman's work shall be, to suppress her vote or discriminate against her in any way whatsoever. It is not a question whether woman will use the ballot, it is a question of liberty. She must have the liberty to do as she pleases so long as she does not interfere with the equal rights of others. It is not a question of her desires as a woman, it is a question of her rights as a human being.

But the illimitable widening of the field of opportunity, the freedom of industry from tax, the growing liberty and independence of labor will do more for woman than place her equal before the law with man. It will release her from her dependence upon him as a bread-winner, and never till that is done can woman stand a free soul, individual and self-responsible.

Paid in full for her work without regard to sex,—with the same rights before the law, with the power and the free opportunity to earn her own living independently of man, woman will at last come to have the right to herself, and be the free agent of her own destiny. Then marriage will be a mutual co-partnership between equals. Prostitution will disappear, and marrying for a home, that first cousin of prostitution, will also disappear. It is woman's dependency, her fear of the world, fear of want, of the terrible struggle outside that enslaves her. In the freedom and abundance of the ideal individualistic world she will become sovereign of herself and the friend of man.

It is impossible in a single magazine article to give more than a hint at the high philosophy, the altruism, the logic, the grace, the humor of the great reform, called for convenience The Single Tax. If the reader gets a glimpse of

our earnestness, and a desire to learn more of our cause, I shall feel satisfied with my work in writing. There are many objections, rising from imperfect understanding of what we advocate, which I could state and answer if I had space ; but they would refer to dollars and cents, to expediency. The intent of this article is rather to present the ethical principles upon which it is based—on self-evident truths, conceptions high as justice and broad as humanity.

The thoughtful man this day is standing at the parting of two ways, one leading confessedly through trusts, combines, monopolies, to one giant monopoly of all industry, controlled by the state, to be carried on by military régime ; the other leading through abolition of laws, through free trade, free production, free opportunity, to free men. The land doctrine or single-tax philosophy means a destruction of all monopoly, a minimum tax levied upon social not individual values and the greatest individual liberty consistent with the equal rights of the rest.

In short, the time is upon us when a man must choose between paternalism of a government liable to corruption and tyranny, and the fraternal, spontaneous, unconscious co-operation of individualism. We stand before each thoughtful man and woman, still pondering this choice, and say :—

“ There is no law that will work, as it is expected to work, except a law which liberates. The system that sets free, will surprise by its beneficence, and exalt with its ever-renewed power of developing the good of human nature.”

As for myself, I hold truth to be good, Nature impartial, liberty and loftier individual development the end of all human government and all right human action.

MIGRATION A LAW OF NATURE.

BY SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

NOT more than a century has elapsed since the United States of America proudly declared that their domains should forever be kept open as a place of refuge for the oppressed of all nations; since they thus issued a standing invitation to all, who believed themselves oppressed by the tyranny of either priest, king, or capitalist to come and share the glorious liberties and privileges with which this republic had presented its citizens.

One short century only—and voices are already heard demanding the passage of laws to impede, restrict, yea, prohibit immigration. Nor is this all, these voices grow louder and louder, demanding even the expulsion of large classes of people, who, though born and reared upon American soil, are represented as being strangers, whose presence imperils the safety and prosperity of both the republic and its citizens.

A few years ago the cry was raised: "The Chinaman must go," and in the face of sacred obligations, the government had the weakness to yield to the pressure of what was presented as a public demand, and to proscribe and banish the Mongol.

It did not require a great deal of prophetical inspiration to predict that, the precedent once established, new demands of a similar kind would soon be made, and to one who carefully noted the events as they succeeded one another, it was no surprise when people began to urge the expatriation of the negro, using almost the very same arguments.

Granted however (as was asserted at the time) that the Chinaman refuses to assume the duties of a citizen, while he is ready to enjoy his privileges; or granted that (as the Hon. Wade Hampton now asserts) the negro, as a race, has not the natural faculties to reach that stage of civilization or culture, which could make him the equal of the white man; would the Moloch of intolerance become appeased and mollified after the last Chinaman had been shipped back to Asia and the last negro to Africa?

By no means. Though yet at some distance, a sound wave is rolling nearer and nearer, which carries the cry: "The Irishman, too, must go."

On what grounds is his presence objected to? Does he not take interest in public affairs? Does he not cheerfully burden himself with the duties of citizenship? Or is he unfit to take an active part in self-government? Mark the inconsistency of the objectors. They banish the Chinaman because he does not care to vote, or to enter public service; they propose to exile the negro at public expense because he is unfit (as they claim) to govern; but they demand the expulsion of the Celt for no other reason than that he is both eager and fit to serve the public. What race is to be prescribed next by the native (?) American?

It would lead me too far at present to unroll the proscription list still farther; the attention of the reader may be directed only to the remarkable change that has taken place in the sentiment of the American people within a single century.

One hundred years ago the stranger was invited and welcomed; to-day he is looked upon with distrust, and the intentions are ripening to shut the door in his face. One hundred years ago the equality of all men as members of one large brotherhood was proclaimed; to-day a different shading of color in the skin, or a different formation of the skull, is made valid pretext for erecting an insurmountable barrier between man and man. One hundred years ago legislative bodies debated upon inducements to be held out to encourage immigration; to-day, schemes are proposed and discussed in all earnestness, not alone to discourage and possibly suppress immigration, but to expatriate large classes of citizens.

What has caused this reaction? What has caused people to change their minds so abruptly? Is this spirit of hostility toward strangers a token of public health, or is it a morbid extravaganza? Will it spread and develop, or will it vanish as suddenly as it appeared? Is there any possibility of checking the influx of strangers by legislative means, and will it ever come to pass that each race and each nationality will be assigned a separate part of the earth for a habitation, the boundary lines of which they must not overstep?

When China, teeming with a population too large for its area, is seen building a wall around its frontiers to keep out

newcomers, or closing its ports to strangers; when in over-populated Europe the Germans are beheld expatriating Russians and Frenchmen, or the Russians in retaliation are observed prohibiting Germans from settling upon Russian soil, — there is some sense, at least, in such an intolerant spirit; but when the same tendency springs up suddenly in America, a country so large in territory and so rich in resources that its population could be increased ten times without the least fear of endangering the prosperity of such vast masses of people, one is at a loss to account for its appearance, and it becomes well worth the while of every well meaning and intelligent person to examine the subject more closely and pay it the attention due to so important a question.

To arrive at a full understanding of this phenomenon, the field which it covers must be subdivided into several areas, and not before each of these has received an exhaustive examination shall we be able to form a settled opinion, and to act with clearness and precision whenever it materializes and approaches us, in the tangible form of a legislative act. A careful summary of both the benefits and the evils which immigration carries with itself must be made, and the slightest deviations of the scales be noted; the changes that have taken place in the social conditions of all nations on account of the marvellous discoveries and inventions made in the last century, must receive due consideration; the psychic causes for the aversion which one race harbors against the other must be diligently sought and, when found, the possibility of their extirpation from the human soul be determined. Yet before all, it is necessary to acquaint one's self with the idea that migration is not the voluntary act of man as an individual, but his involuntary submission to a law which governs that great organism, called mankind; that it is as necessary to its existence and well being, as is the circulation of the blood to the human body, or the changing tides to the ocean. The investigation will turn around this first principle as around a pivot. If the migratory habit of people could be traced back to the whims of individuals, means could easily be devised to encourage immigration, in places and at times, where and when benefit could be derived from the influx of new comers, or to restrict or suppress it wherever and whenever danger lurks behind it; but if it be true that people migrate impelled by instinct, that the migratory habit

is a law of Nature, or that migration benefits the organism irrespective of the welfare of one or a number of its cells, we might as well attempt to stay the hurricane, which in itself is a migration of the particles which compose the atmosphere, or to check the storm that stirs the sea to its very depth, as to think of stemming the tide of migration whenever or wherever it sets in.

The study of the laws of Nature has taught man how to utilize the forces over which they rule, but not how to abrogate or repeal them. Man knowing, for example, the laws of electricity, may protect himself against the stroke of the lightning, by offering to the fluid a way to descend that is preferable to that which the electric spark might otherwise have chosen; he may even force it to drive cars, or to carry messages around the world, but as long as electricity exists, so long will the laws exist which regulate this force, and, as long as humanity exists, so long will the laws upon which its very life depends remain in full activity.

The editor of **THE ARENA** has kindly granted me the privilege of treating this vast and interesting subject in a series of articles, each of which is to be externally independent of the other, while internally the chain of thought shall remain unbroken. Will the reader kindly follow me in a discussion of "Migration a Law of Nature"?

The universe appears to us, at first sight, a mechanism so complicated and intricate, that a thousand various forces seem needed to keep it in running order; yet on closer inspection, it is found that but very few forces are called for to serve that purpose; that these forces are so carefully constructed that they automatically balance each other, and that the very same force which directs the fiery sunball is made to cut and grind the grain of sand which grits under the step of the human foot. The steam, which by its expansion and contraction moves the shaft of the engine up and down, to and fro, is made use of to do a thousand different kinds of work in a large factory; to drive in one room a thousand spindles; to turn in another a circular saw, and to lift a hammer in another,—thus the very same forces are utilized in the universe to perform various kinds of work.

It has become a well-established fact that the vast bodies which populate space are kept in motion by two forces; that the one, the centrifugal force, supplies them with the

impetus to fly far out from a given centre, while the other, the centripetal force, draws them as powerfully toward it. If either of them should overpower the other for one short moment, the equilibrium would be at once destroyed and the body would either fly towards and crash against the centre, or be hurled at random into space, to meet a fate of which we naturally lack even the dimmest conception.

These same forces, however, manifest themselves not exclusively in the planetary system, but are found at work even in the human mind, balancing each other there with the same precision as elsewhere.

With all due respect to human individuality, we are but minute cells of the large organism, called Mankind. In the order of things, the life of the organism receives always greater consideration than the life of the cells. A human being, an animal, a plant, is composed of myriads of cells which die away as rapidly as they have sprung into existence. Though their temporary well being stands in close relation to the well being of the organism which they compose, their existence seems of no consequence compared to that of the body of which they are parts. Likewise, the tree of humanity and its welfare ranks in importance far above that of the cells of which it is composed and which come and go and are replaced by others, that the tree itself may grow and prosper, and bear fragrant blossoms and delicious fruit.

It is ever and always humanity, the life of the larger organism, which we must take into consideration, when a social question looms up before us, and not of individuals, because it is not man that thinks, and feels, and moves, it is humanity that thinks and feels in him, and moves through him.

Now, while it seems necessary, for the preservation of this vast body, that its component particles should keep their places for a time, it is as necessary that their position should be shifted, and that the locomotion of the cells should be neither too rapid nor too slow; that there should be neither too much rest, nor too much restlessness, but that each extreme should be automatically counterbalanced and checked by the other: the same centripetal and centrifugal forces are applied exactly in the same manner as they are utilized to produce regularity in the motion of the planets.

Every cell, every human being, is swayed by them and

obeys them involuntarily. While the individual may believe that he is consulting his own welfare by staying where he is, or by seeking another place of residence, he merely follows the pressure brought upon him in either direction by either of these great and universal forces.

Man is imbued with an undying love of the place where he is born and reared. The earth of one's fatherland seems softer, its water sweeter, its sky bluer, its air more balmy, its flowers more fragrant, its fruits more nourishing, its men and women more shapely, more honest, and more trustworthy than those of any other land. The native of a desert will find beauty in its monotonous sandwaves, and would yearn for them even in a paradise. There is a strong tendency in every father, and still more in every mother, to keep their offspring near them. What a happiness, when at a holiday the members of a family find themselves collected under the same roof, around the same table, parents, sons and daughters with their wives and husbands, their children, yea, children's children !

This sentiment, so strong and lovable, is the manifestation of the centripetal force. Yet if this force were left to itself, stagnation would soon set in. As a body in which the circulation of the blood has ceased becomes mortified, and rots away, so would mankind be doomed to die prematurely if its cells were kept forever in the same places.

It appears to many a wonder why some nations have remained on a low plane of civilization, while others have reached a high standard of culture, and they seek to solve the problem by denying to these nations the capability of culture ; but is their savagery not due, rather, to the fact that for various reasons, too numerous to be counted here, they have remained stationary ? May it not be conjectured that if the currents of immigration and emigration had produced a healthy circulation of blood, they might have risen intellectually, morally, and industrially to the same height which is occupied by those nations which have had the opportunity of atomic circulation by migration ? Wisely, however, the centripetal force is balanced by the centrifugal force here also.

Behold the yearning of the child to see other places ; behold in the youth the eagerness to seek his fortune in far off countries, his belief that the further he goes to seek it, the surer

his chances of finding it. Behold our love for all that is strange, and behold the success of the stranger. Has the reader ever chanced to observe, that in spite of all the advantage which the native born has over the stranger, in spite of better knowledge of his surroundings, of men and things, it is always the stranger who succeeds? How many families remain and prosper for several generations in the same locality? And if they do, when we reach backward but a few hundred years, we find that the originator of the illustrious house or family has come and settled down—a stranger in these quarters. Has the reader ever observed that it is the visiting strange young girl who is sure to fascinate the young men of a place, or that the strange young man is the most dangerous rival, and sure to win the affection of the other sex? And has the reader ever tried to explain to himself why this is so?

Both the yearning to leave the parental roof and the success which the stranger always meets, are the manifestations of the centrifugal force, which wills that the atomic particles shall not remain at rest, but shall exchange places and combine in new form.

Migration is a law of Nature. As the sea is stirred by the storms, or the atmosphere by the currents of wind, thus are the atoms of which humanity is composed kept in circulation, by the innate desire of each to leave its place and seek another abode.

It may be a daring assertion yet I venture to make it, that the marvellous development of the human race during the last century, on which we pride ourselves so greatly, has been made possible and is due to the greater facilities offered to migration, and that in the same ratio as these facilities and migration increase, humanity will rise upon the ladder of civilization. Our historians tell us—and endeavor to convince us of the truth of their statements—that Europe has been populated by the overflow population of Asia; that thousands of years ago, Asiatic tribes crossed the Balkan or the Hellespont and entered Europe from the East. The migration of swarms of barbarians moving from the northeast towards the southwest of Europe, which began with the appearance of the Cimbri in Italy, and after having shattered the Roman Empire, ended with the Crusades, are historical facts frequently dwelt upon. But large as these

expeditions may have been, what are all the migratory movements that occurred during the known ages of history, in comparison with the extent of migration which has been made possible and taken place through the inventions of the last century? The migrations of the past were tribal or national. *A tribe or a nation, impelled by the centrifugal force, would break up quarters and move on to other places. For the safety and success of the individual, it was absolutely necessary that the whole tribe should march together, exactly as it is of absolute necessity for the birds that migrate in winter to southern climates, to unite into large swarms. To-day migration has become individual. The better organization of society has made it possible for each atom to change its position, and if the hosts of people who make use of the opportunities offered to them and exchange places in nearer or wider circles could be counted, or be seen in marching order, as could once the savage hordes that fell upon Rome, a magnificent spectacle would be offered, and the vastness and strength of the current which at present circulates throughout the whole organism of mankind would become at once apparent.

The inferences which may be drawn from these observations are simple but telling, and can be summarized as follows:—

1. Migration is a law of Nature, and people who migrate follow involuntarily a force which they cannot resist.
2. The stronger and wider the current of migration the higher will rise the waves of civilization. Migration is a blessing and not a curse to humanity.
3. Migration may prove disastrous both to the cell that moves, and to the cell which is pushed out of place by the intruder, but the life, the health, and the prosperity of the body of humanity depends upon it.
4. It is folly trying to prevent what cannot be prevented. Instead of stubbornly offering resistance to a law of Nature, we ought to familiarize ourselves with its working, and regulate our course of action accordingly.

WAS CHRIST A BUDDHIST?

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D., PH. D.

"If the right theory should ever be proclaimed, we shall know it by this token,—that it will solve many riddles." —*Emerson*.

PHILOSOPHERS have often demonstrated that the suppression of historical truth implies a two-fold mistake: the erroneous belief in the possibility of permanently disguising the significance of an important fact, and the vain hope of serving even a good cause by the concealment of its defects.

Political party rancor has blinded more than one able critic to the errors of that double fallacy, but its most striking illustrations are perhaps to be found in the persistent misrepresentations of ecclesiastical historians. For the last fifteen hundred years, the memory of every free thinker has been slandered, while subserviency to the purposes of the priesthood has been made a cloak of every vice. Constantine the First, a cruel and effeminate tyrant, was canonized; Constantine the Second, a murderer and a bigot, was eulogized in thousands of sermons, while his heroic and philosophical successor was depicted as a monster. "The fathers of the church," says Lecky, "laid it down as a distinct proposition that pious frauds were justifiable and even laudable. Paganism was to be combated, and therefore prophecies were forged, lying wonders were multiplied, and ceaseless calumnies poured upon those who, like Julian, opposed the church. That tendency triumphed wherever the supreme importance of these dogmas was held. Generation after generation it became more universal; it continued till the very sense of truth and the very love of truth were blotted out from the minds of men."

"*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*" (perish the memory of our precursors) expresses, however, the motive of the most characteristic examples of historical disingenuousness. The danger of orthodox tenets or customs being traced to their pagan sources has ever stimulated the inventiveness of ecclesiastical apologists to its highest pitch. When

the opponents of the doctrine of exclusive salvation by faith called attention to the sublime ethical precepts of pagan philosophers, those precepts were promptly ascribed to plagiarisms from the Old or New Testament. Julius Matherinus, a contemporary of Constantine, maintained that all the wisdom of Egypt was borrowed from the Pentateuch, and that the god Serapis was an *alias* of the patriarch Joseph, his Egyptian name being evidently derived from his great-grandmother Sarah. The ethics of Plato were attributed to the instruction of the prophet Jeremiah, Homer's poetry to the inspiration of the Psalms, the eloquence of Demosthenes to the controversial writings of Isaiah and Ezekiel. Several unabridged copies of the *Stromata* attest the almost incredible fact that Saint Clemens Alexandrinus accuses Miltiades of having borrowed his tactics from Joshua, and owing the victory of Marathon to a hint from the Second Book of Moses. Forged prophecies of the Messiah were attributed to the Sybils, and Saint Linus forged several letters of an alleged correspondence between the apostle Paul and the philosopher Seneca.

But artifices of that kind will prove unavailing against the portentous accumulation of evidence demonstrating the East Indian origin of the New Testament. The attempt to identify or even to harmonize the doctrines of the synoptic gospels with those of the Hebrew Scriptures has long been recognized as the most untenable paradox of patristic theology. Perhaps no other two books ever published are more dissimilar in their tendency than the first and second part of our heterogenous Bible. Here, the chronicle of a brave and simple-minded nation of herders and husbandmen and the code of their manful lawgiver; there, a compilation of ghost legends and anti-natural dogmas. Here, an honest silence on the unknowable mysteries of a future existence, and the possibility of resurrection; there, a constant *petitio principii* of that dogma. Here, Unitarian exclusiveness; there, Trinitarian and gnostic tenets. Here, health laws, Samson traditions, pastoral poetry, realism and optimism; there, indifference to health, renunciation of earthly possessions, other-worldliness, mysticism, and pessimism.

Compared with such contrasts the difference between the optimistic monotheism of Judea and the optimistic Nature-worship of Greece, appears indeed, altogether insignificant; and as an outcome — "a consummation," of the Hebrew

Scriptures, the New Testament would be utterly inexplicable. But the doctrines and customs which distinguish the creed of Saint Augustine from all the ancient religions of the Mediterranean nations were at last proved to bear a marvellous resemblance to the doctrines and customs of a faith which, just about the beginning of our chronological era, flooded Western Asia with thousands of zealous missionaries. More than a hundred years ago the vague accounts of a Jesuit chronicle first called attention to the curious analogies of Buddhist and Christian church-rites, and in 1844 those rumors were fully confirmed by the reports of Father Regis Hue, who had studied Buddhist monotheism in the capital of Thibet. "The cross," he says, "the mitre, the dalmatica, the cope, which the Grand Lama wears on his journeys, or if he is performing some ceremony out of the temple, the service with double choirs, the psalmody, the exorcisms, the censer suspended from five chains, the benediction given by the Lama by extending his right hand over the heads of the faithful, the chaplet, ecclesiastical celibacy, religious retirement, the worship of the saints, the fasts, the processions, the litanies, the holy water,—all here are analogies between the Buddhists and ourselves."

Soon after Eugene Burnouf, one of the most distinguished orientalists of modern times, published his "Introduction to the History of Buddhism," Professor Lassen of Bonn traced the progress of Buddhist Missions to the shores of the Mediterranean; Rudolf Seydel demonstrated the similitude of not less than fifty-two traditions of the Buddhist scriptures to as many different passages of the New Testament, and since the publication of Spence Hardy's "Manual of Buddhism," the significance of those facts has been an open secret to all unprejudiced investigators.

Granting the circumstance that the appearance of the first Buddhistic apostles preceded that of the Christian evangelists by at least four hundred years, the following list of the principal analogies of the two religions should, indeed, seem to make comments almost superfluous.

A. TRADITIONAL ANALOGIES.

1. Both Buddha and Christ were of royal lineage. Both were born of a mother who, though married, was still a virgin.

2. A birth of the future Saviour is announced by a heavenly messenger. An apparition which Maya sees in her dream informs her: "Thou shalt be filled with highest joy. Behold thou shalt bring forth a son bearing the mystic signs of Buddh, who shall become a sacrifice for the dwellers of the earth, a saviour who to all men shall give joy and the glorious fruits of immortality." (*Rgya Cherr-ol-pan*, 61, 63.) The angel says unto Mary: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. Behold thou shalt bring forth a son and call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the son of the highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David." (Luke i. 30, 31.)

3. At the request of Maya, King Sudodhana renounces his connubial rights till she has brought forth her first son. (*Rgya* 69-82.) "And Joseph knew her not till she had brought forth her first son." (Matt. i. 25; Luke i. 39-56.)

4. The immortals of the Tushita-heaven decide that Buddha shall be born when the "flower-star" makes its first appearance in the East. (Lefmann, 21, 124.) "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East." (Matt. ii. 2.)

5. A host of angelic messengers descend and announce tidings of great joy. "A hero, glorious and incomparable, has been born, a Saviour unto all nations of the earth! A deliverer has brought joy and peace to earth and heaven." (*Lotus*, 102, 104. *Rgya* 89, 97.) *Comp.* Luke ii. 9.

6. Princes and wise Brahmins appear with gifts and worship the child Buddha. (*Rgya*, 97, 113.) "And when they were come into the house they saw the young child and worshipped him; . . . and they presented unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense and myrrh." (Matt. ii. 11.)

7. The Brahmin Asita, to whom the spirit has revealed the advent of Buddh, descends from his hermitage on Himalaya to see the new-born child. He predicts the coming Kingdom of heaven and Buddha's mission to save and enlighten the world. (*Sutta Nipatha*, iii. 11.) "And it was revealed to him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord Christ . . . then he took him up in his arms and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." (Luke ii. 26.)

8. The *Allinish Kramana Sutra* relates that the King of Magada instructed one of his ministers to institute an inquiry whether any inhabitant of his kingdom could possibly become powerful enough to endanger the safety of his throne. Two spies are sent out. One of them ascertains the birth of Buddha and advises the king to take measures for the extermination of his tribe. Cf. Matt. ii. 1-11.

9. The princes of the Sakya tribe urge the king to present (or introduce) his son in a public assembly of nobles and priests. Spirits accompany the march of the procession; inspired prophets extol the future glory of the Messiah. A parallel story of Luke supplies the motive of the ceremony with the words: "As it is written in the law of the Lord." But diligent comparison of the sources of Hebrew law has revealed the fact that no such ordinance ever existed, . . . the motive of the narrator's fiction being evidently the necessity of fitting the incident into a frame of Hebrew customs.

10. Buddha's parents miss the boy one day; and after a long search find him in an assembly of holy rishis, who listen to his discourse and marvel at his understanding. (Buddhist Birth Stories, 74.) Cf. Luke ii. 45-47.

11. Buddha, before entering upon his mission, meets the Brahmin Rudraka, a mighty preacher, who, however, offers to become his disciple. Some of Rudraka's followers recede to Buddha, but leave him when they find that he does not observe the fasts. (*Rgya*, 178, 214.) Jesus, before entering upon his mission, meets John the Baptist, who recognizes his superiority. Two of John's disciples follow Jesus, who states his reasons for rejecting John's rigid observance of the fasts. (John i. 37.)

12. Buddha retires to the solitude of Uruvilva and fasts and prays in the desert till hunger forces him to leave his retreat. (*Rgya*, 364; Oldenburg's *Mahāvagga*, 116.) Cf. Matt. iv. 1.

13. After finishing his fast, Buddha takes a bath in the river Nairanjana; when he leaves the water, purified, the devas open the gates of heaven and cover him with a shower of fragrant flowers. (*Rgya*, 259.) Cf. Matt. iii. 13.

14. During Buddha's fast in the desert, Mara, the Prince of darkness, approaches him and tempts him with promises of wealth and earthly glory. Buddha rejects his offer by

quoting passages of the Vedas; the tempter flees; angels descend and salute Buddha. (*Dhamm padam* vii. 33) "And said unto him: All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then Jesus saith unto him: Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written: Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only . . . then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto him." (Matt. iv. 9-11.)

15. During the transfiguration on the mountain, Christ is joined by Moses and Elias. Sakyamun has frequent interviews with the *two* Buddhas that preceded him.

16. The shade of the sacred fig-tree that shelters the meditating Buddha is the scene of the conversion and ordination of the first disciples, formerly followers of Rudraka. Christ chooses his first disciples from among the former followers of the Baptist, and in John i. 48, his remark about a fig-tree appears wholly irrelevant to the context. In the answer of Nathanael the circumstance of having been seen under a fig-tree is accepted as a proof of Christ's messiahship.

17. Before Buddha appoints a larger number of apostles, he selects five favorite disciples, one of whom is afterwards styled the pillar of the faith; another the bosom friend of Buddha. Before Christ selects his twelve apostles, he chooses five chief disciples, among them Peter, the "rock of the church," and John, his favorite follower. Among the disciples of Buddha there is a Judas, Devadatta, who tries to betray his master and meets a disgraceful death. (Köppen i. 94; Lefmann, 51; Birth Stories, p. 113.)

18. The first words of Christ are the macarisms (blessings) in the Sermon on the Mount. When Buddha enters upon his mission, he begins a public speech (according to the French translation of *Rgva*, 355.) "Celui qui a entendu la loi, celui qui voit, celui qui se plait dans la solitude, il est heureux."

19. Near a well Buddha meets a woman of the despised caste of the Chandalas. (Burnouf's *Divya Avadâna*.) Cf. John iv. 1-20.

20. Buddha walks on the Ganges; he heals the sick by a mere touch of his hand, and the *Mayana-Sutra* relates the miracle of the loaves and fishes. A transfiguration, speaking in foreign tongues, are additional parallels. Buddha descends to hell and preaches to the spirits of the damned.

20. At the death of Buddha, the earth trembles, the rocks are split, phantoms and spirits appear. (Köppen, i. 114, Seydel, 281.) "And behold, the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent . . . and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose." (Matt. xxvii. 51-53.)

B. DOGMATICAL ANALOGIES.

1. Belief in the necessity of redemption by a supernatural mediator.
2. The founder's exaltation to the rank of a god. Buddha is equal to Brahm: demons are powerless against him. Angels minister unto him.
3. Demerit of wealth. "It is difficult to be rich and keep the way."
4. The moral merit of celibacy. Its enforcement in Buddhist convents.
5. Rejection of ancient rites, sacrifices, etc.
6. Vanity of earthly joys.
7. Depreciation of labor and industry, of worldly possessions and worldly honors.
8. Inculcation of patience, submission, and self abasement; neglect of physical culture, of the active and manly virtues.
9. Love of enemies; submission to injustice and tyranny.
10. Depreciation of worldly affections; merit of abandoning wife and children.

C. CEREMONIAL ANALOGIES.

Monasteries; nunneries; popery; the Thibetan Lama is worshipped as God's vice-regent upon earth; ecumenical councils; processions; worship of relics; strings of beads; incense; litanies, holy water, shaven polls, priests going bare-headed, weekly and yearly fasts, exorcisms, candlemas, feasts of the Immaculate Conception; masses for the repose of the soul; bell-ringing; auricular confession of sins.

The rhetoric of the New Testament is throughout *illustrative* rather than *persuasive*; it is the eloquence which distinguishes the communication of transmitted from the introduction of original ideas. And, as Feuerbach well observes, the testator's strange neglect to insure the record of his revelation by committing it to writing is a strong presumptive proof that he delivered his gospel as a pre-recorded doctrine. Not one of the early fathers (before

Irenæus) ever quotes a single passage of the "New Testament" in its present form. The committee of the church-council that made the "four gospels" the canons of their faith had to select them from fifty-four contradictory versions. Contemporary writers are silent about the stupendous events alleged to have attended the appearance of the new prophet. Josephus, who describes the reign of Herod in its minutest details, never mentions the miracles of Bethlehem, the appearance of a new star, the massacre of the innocents, or the prodigies of the crucifixion.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that all the essential doctrines and traditions of Buddhism were recorded before the subversion of the Persian empire, and that the successors of Alexander the Great witnessed the invasion of Western Asia by a zealous band of Buddhist missionaries. Long before China and Siam were brought under the sway of the "Word," Buddhist colonies had been planted beyond the Indus. Alexander Polyhistor describes the aësptic practices of Buddhistic monks in Baktria, and speaks of self-torturing hermits and mendicant orders, while in the thirteenth edict of Girnar, King Asoka, the "Constantine of Buddhism," refers to missionary embassies sent to the Yona (Ionian or Greek) kings, Antiochus, Ptolemæus, Antigonus and Magas. Two hundred years before Christ, the city of Alassada, near the sources of the Oxus, was a central point of the West Buddhistic propaganda, and its restless missionaries can hardly have failed to have availed themselves of the opportunities offered by the active overland traffic between India and the Mediterranean coastlands. Among the ambassadors which King Poros, or Paurava, sent to the court of Augustus, there was the Buddhist Zarmanochegas, who afterwards went to Athens, and burned himself on a funeral pyre to attest his belief in the worthlessness of earthly existence.

In the constellation of the Pleiades, six larger and half a hundred smaller stars are crowded together within a space that could be enclosed by the apparent circumference of the moon. Either these stars form a correlative system, or their aggregation in the field of our vision, as well as the nearly uniform size of the larger ones, must be ascribed to the strangest kind of coincidence; and the astronomer Olbers calculates that the probability of the former hypothesis

exceeds that of the latter about twenty-five million times. With a similar kind of assurance the student of the Hindu scriptures must reject the belief in the *accidental* analogies of Buddhism and Christianity.

The question as to the comparative ethical merit of the two religions belongs to an entirely different province of inquiry. Christianity has certainly surpassed its parent creed in adapting itself to the purposes of a cosmopolitan mission, and there is no doubt that its westward progress has emancipated its doctrine from many Oriental prejudices.

By a similar process the English language, since its transmigration to the American continent, has been purged of much provincial dross, and we may admit that many expressive Americanisms have no equivalent in the idiom of the Elizabethan era. American patriots of a future generation may go further. They may question the inspiration of Byron's poetry and the force of Bacon's logic; they may demonstrate the unfitness of British fogs to generate anything but a muddled dialect, and assert that only an American climate could evolve the pure English of Boston and Philadelphia; but even then their *nativism* could not hope to rival the knownothing zeal of theological loyalists, unless they should attempt to deny the transatlantic origin of that paragon language.

SILVER COINAGE.

BY E. D. STARK.

THE current comment in financial circles upon the subject of Silver Coinage is exasperating. The main end that ought to be kept in view in the legal constitution of primary or standard money, is provokingly dropped out of remark, and instead, the air is filled with prophecy of dishonor and other nebulous calamities inherent in unlimited silver; together with small criticisms based on these coins, regarded merely as subsidiary currency and pocket conveniences, or proceeding upon totally false assumptions of elementary doctrine, going even to the length of an assault upon the dictionary.

Too many of these fallacies are abroad, for specific reference here, and consulting brevity, they must be answered in groups and by implication from propositions affirmative of elementary principles.

Money may take many forms and serve in various modes. It may serve merely as a nominal scale for appraising and reducing goods, to numerically defined bartering relations. It may consist of symbols, tickets, or printed promises, to be themselves exchanged and re-exchanged for other marketable things, as for buying and selling. But ultimate or primary money, the specific thing which symbolic or promise money is always understood to mean, consists of definite duly certified units of a money metal, into the terms of which capital, resources, or purchasing power may be converted for convenient storage and transport, or loan upon interest.

Now in each and all of these uses there is just one excellence so transcendent as to sink all others out of mentionable regard in comparison; an excellence which if a money has, it will be honest, fair, and friendly to all the great efficiencies of economic intercourse and all wealth-creating processes; but which not possessing, money will be converted into an instrument of oppression, wrong, and fraud. That excellence is constancy or stability in value.

No one who is at all conversant with the literature of this

subject, or who has observed the course of prices since 1873, and comprehends the meaning of the words he uses, will deny that silver has been more stable in value than gold, by all of the difference which is commonly called the "fall of silver." So absolutely, palpably, and confessedly, is this true of the metals, to every person having a competent intelligence, that one with difficulty preserves a forensic decorum, at the spectacle of eminent and much-speaking financiers and publicists, arguing that inasmuch as this great increase in the value or purchasing power of gold (some forty or fifty per cent. since 1873) has been *caused* by the multiplication of goods, consequent on improved processes and agencies of production, that *therefore* there is no proof of any increase in the value of gold at all! They fail to understand that value is of the nature of a ratio between two factors, like a common fraction, and that no constancy in value is possible, under a condition of a change in the quantity of one of the terms, only as the other changes *pari passu*. They fail to see that no statute or convention can confer fixity of value upon anything, for value is not intrinsic. To talk of the "intrinsic value" of a metal or anything else, is discourse as vacuous as to talk of the intrinsic ratio of a number. The value of a thing is unthinkable, except as some other thing is implied in the terms of which, or by reference to which, its value is to be estimated. Value is a commercial relation. Broadly and generally it is market equivalence. Concretely and specifically it is the second term in a trade. If, therefore, the second term in a trade, say wheat, has increased from its former trading rate, the first term, say dollars, remaining the same identical thing, then has the latter increased in value as so computed: this by definition, regardless of all question of causes.

It is error in this general discussion, to gauge the value of money by labor. There can be no definite unit of muscular strain or mental and physical endurance. The efficiency of a day's labor is itself so variable, and tends to be more and more so, by the rapidly increasing intelligence, skill, and fidelity by which it is guided, so that it is a very different thing from what it was fifty, or even twenty-five years ago. Besides, a sounder economic science requires us to regard the operative as justly a sharer by some *pro rata*, in the product. More equitable relations arise by the automatic adjustment of freely competing impersonal products, standing each upon

its own merits, than by the passions and sentimentalisms forever obtruding in the personal relation of employer and employee. Judged by its productivity, as it should be measured, a unit of labor becomes indefinite and variable; while a ton of hay, coal or metal, a barrel of pork or flour, a gallon of turpentine or oil, a bale of cotton, a pound of wool, sugar, or butter, etc., are all clearly defined and fixed units of commodities, having the same familiar and approximately stable qualities, utilities, and relations to the common needs, and so become proper criteria of comparison. When, therefore, a given sum of money, say \$1,000, will buy a larger aggregate quantity of these great staples, then has the value of a dollar become by just so much appreciated. When that condition continues through a series of years, extending over the entire area where the same money-standard prevails, then is the proof clear and conclusive, that the "Standard" is misbehaving in its supreme office. Then there is a loud call for repeal of a statute which makes such behavior of standard money possible.

If industrial processes have rendered labor more efficient, then should all of the benefit inure to labor, capital, invention, enterprise, and all the other tributaries to that increased productiveness, and no jot of it go to the enlargement of the measuring unit — the dollar. The natural course of events under bi-metallism was tending in just that direction, for the output of the money metals was increasing approximately with the increase of goods. That beneficent tendency was thwarted by the act of 1873. The motive of the act is unwittingly confessed, by the admission that but for that act our money would have been cheaper, that is, would have less purchasing power, and that by a repeal of it the unit of valuation would be again restored to its former dimensions.

Now if the silver all these years has been stable and constant, that is, if prices of the great staples of food and fabric have, in terms of silver, say rupees, been proximately unchanging — while prices as computed in gold have fallen about one third, and if furthermore, there is a reasonable probability of those market relations of goods to gold and silver respectively, continuing in the future under a single standard policy, then the superiority of silver as a valuing or money metal is proven, for with unlimited coinage the silver "dollar" will take on the same value as the bullion has, which goes to its making.

The ground of this superiority, actual and prospective, is

not far to seek. Immemorial usage of three quarters of the human race, in estimating all things in terms of silver, the more permanent sources of supply, and more systematic and gradually increasing production of silver — all guarantee a more stable quantity relation to population and goods, of money based on silver alone, than on gold alone, though when it shall be again relegated to its ancillary and subordinate place in the monetary system, gold will be again an equitable and useful money metal.

The familiar comparison of a dollar to a yard-stick is misleading, in that value, unlike length, lies in estimation, and estimation varies with the ten thousand varying conditions of trading men. To make it apposite, we should give the yard-stick a similar expansive and contractive quality. Made of rubber, though scaled off in inches and fractions, it would be still thirty-six of its own inches long, although stretched to measure fifty per cent. more of cloth for every length unit. In such a case, the claim of its constancy as a measure, based upon the ground that it was always "just thirty-six inches," would fitly illustrate the profundity of those who prove the stability of the pound, by its always being "just twenty shillings" and of the gold dollar as always being "just one hundred cents." Yet that and other platitudinary vacuities make up the staple of the current monometallic argument.

To briefly summarize my advocacy of free coinage: — I hold constancy in value to be the desideratum in monetary legislation. Constancy in the value of money, is precisely the same fact as stability in the general range of prices.

The great fall of prices in gold standard countries, is proof that money constituted on it alone is unstable, and therefore bad money, from the standpoint of statesmanship. Normal prices in silver standard countries proves the superiority of silver money for the equities and efficiencies of business. If our money were all brought to equivalence with silver bullion, as it would be by free coinage, and gold it self again anchored to silver, the superior valuing metal, and compelled to come down to a ratio of 1.16 with it, on peril of dismissal from the valuing office in our commerce (though retaining its minting right at that ratio), our money would be more honest and efficient, both in its office of measuring goods for transfer and as a mode of loanable capital; which is the free coinage argument in a nut shell.

WOULD WE LIVE OUR LIVES OVER AGAIN?

NO-NAME PAPER.

NINE out of ten persons, maybe nineteen out of twenty, if asked, "Would you live your life over again?" would probably answer off-hand, "Yes." If the question were repeated, with an air of seriousness, as if they were put on their honor and conscience, they would be very apt to begin to qualify. They would live their lives over again, could they leave out certain parts; could they have, in the second life, the benefit of their experience in the first; could they have better health, more money, another calling; could they change their disposition in essential particulars. That is, they would live their lives over again, if they could have their lives different — tantamount to saying that they wouldn't.

I very much doubt if any reflective, sober-minded man would live his life over again, if he had the opportunity, when it came to the pinch; when he saw it stretched out before him, clear, and complete, and distinct,

Many men who would swear that they would leap at the chance, would squarely back out, put to the test. They would remember so many painful things they had forgotten; the thick shadows of their renewed life would so frighten them from their propriety that they wouldn't have the courage to tackle it afresh.

Very few, perhaps none of us, recall, with any grade of vividness, the sufferings, physical and mental, that we undergo, years after they have past.

Nature, whatever she may be to the race, is very seldom kind to the individual; but one of her kindnesses is enabling us to lose remembrance of the painful, and to retain remembrance of the pleasant.

Women forget the agony of parturition; else they would scarcely have the fortitude, great as their fortitude is, to endure it again and again. Unless men of bibulous habit forgot the horrors of a debauch, they would be deterred from another. Unless army officers forgot, after a series of cam-

paigns, their privations and anxieties and wounds, they would resign their commissions. Unless merchants, engaged in mighty enterprises, forgot the terrible tension of nerve and brain they had often been subjected to, in carrying them on, wouldn't they retire from business in middle age?

One can forget, and does forget, the disagreeable chapters in the book of Life; but one can hardly so forget the whole book as to wish to go through it again, when one turns the leaves backward, and notes their generally dull and dreary pages. Young persons might wish to, for life is before them; beckons them on; smiles gayly; promises what will never be fulfilled; indicates brilliant comedies that turn into rueful tragedies; plays the false prophet, Mokanna-like. They haven't found out the sham, and meanness, and bitterness, and cruelty of Life, and cry out, like Ali Goupah-ben-Gouro, in the Persian story, that the dance of the wizards shall go on bravely, bewilderingly. Oh yes! what fools they are!

But those who have gone beyond the meridian; who have spent their rages; dispelled their allusions; broken the bonds that cheating devils have imposed,—how is it with them? Do they want life over again—just as they had it? Not they; not they. They've had enough, had more than enough, they'll declare, and won't be tricked, and baffled, and tormented a second time. Years have made them thoughtful; cleared the mists from their eyes. They see the past as it is, and quiver, through memory, from the thorns that it pierced their side with.

Life, in its actuality, will not bear investigation; has not only no enticement, but is repellent. It is deprived of hope, worse than nothing,—which at least is rest, while Life is unending restlessness. We all know Hesiod's fable of Pandora, and how it emblems and encompasses the truth. If we retrospect, we perceive pellucidly what dismal tricks she has played us, and what damnable trials she has exposed us to. We feel that we could not brook a repetition of the tragic farce, ycleped Life, without her; and yet we resent her remorseless impositions.

To strip Life of its illusions is like stripping the body of flesh; it becomes a sardonic skeleton. Only illusions empower us to endure it, and when we relinquish these, we relinquish everything desirable. Our illusions vanish usually at fifty, often before; certainly at sixty; and then, glancing back-

ward, the thought of living the weary, uncrowned years over again is chilling, forbidding.

Some men's lives are exceptionally auspicious ; their paths have been smooth ; the blows and shocks of Fate have passed them by, as if they were charmed against it. They might say, I would live it all over again. Life is joyous, compensatory, brimming with the best.

Let them wait, ere they have mouthed their gratification. Their day of reckoning that comes to all has been postponed ; but they cannot escape it ; their sorrows and tragedies, which attend on every mortal, have not struck them yet. Wait a little, wait a little. Let them proclaim once more, and their note will be changed, and their voice husky with grief.

He whose affairs had been prosperous has met with reverses ; has failed disastrously. She whose children had blessed her, has lost the dearest loved daughter, the most promising son. He who had believed that lasting fame was his, has seen it fade into emptiness. He who had swaggered over his health, and hectored his associates with it ; who had never experienced an ill day, has so broken down that he longs for death as the parched long for water. He who had touched the zenith of his expectations, has tumbled to the nadir of his fears. The heaven that had opened to her, and shown celestial visions within, has led her through divine delights to the torments of hell.

These are the contrasts that Life divulges before its close ; these are the uncertainties and deferred dooms of existence.

We cannot judge fairly of Life until it is wholly behind us. While the past looks radiant and lovely, the black tempest rises abruptly, and desolates the scene.

Since scarcely any person is willing, after careful consideration, to live life over again unreservedly, would anyone profit, in re-living by amendments ? If he should omit certain parts, might not the parts supplied be as bad or worse than those omitted ? Is not surety always to be preferred, always safer, than ins surety ? Zenayi tells us,— doesn't he ?— that behind the unseen crouches the demon adverse to our species. Might not better health, more money, another calling, a changed disposition bring us, in lieu of benisons, mischances that we wot not of ? From a new good, a new evil may ensue. "When we supplicate Ormuzd," declares Zarathustra, "Ahriman may answer, blasting the offered invocation."

Almost everybody asks as a condition of repeated life that he should enjoy the advantage of his experience in the original life. Would it avail him aught? I shrewdly suspect not; not a scintilla. Does experience teach us aught; our own experience more than the experience of others; is the practical outcome made different by it? It may throw light; does the light so guide us that we follow another path? The in-born, inherent, irreversible tendency we come into the world with, and get undiscoverably from innumerable cosmic æons, would hold its imperious course a second time, as it did the first. Experience would be completely abrogated by it, no matter what the reiteration or the palingenesia.

Living life over again would incontrovertibly be a duplicate of the first life. We are sheer shuttlecocks between the battledores of Organization and Circumstance, and we would be knocked about, in a fresh mask of flesh, a thousand years hence, not very differently from what we are knocked about A. D. 1890. It's only the babble of the mob that utters otherwise, my masters, although the babble of the mob is labelled and guaranteed as Public Opinion.

After all what is life? Who knows? Who has known? Who ever will know? It is insolvable. It is undecipherable. It is unanalyzable. I mean by this, its substance, significance, source, end, purpose, law, symbolism, metaphysic, elucidation.

Nothing responds through nothing out of nothing. It is all a monstrous vacuity. It is a whirl of dust formed from dead men's bones, — men dead a million years a-gone.

What each human being's life is to him — or to her — anent the impression it gives, good, bad, or indifferent, to its haver, each human being, and he only, is capable of disclosing. It's a very, very old, and regular moon-howling trick that other people whom we've never seen, and wouldn't see, for a cupboard in Cyprus, could we help it, should tell us what our life is to us. It is, they insist, a special boon, a rare privilege, a delightful temporariness. Never mind if we have gout, and a scolding wife, and but two pairs of trousers, and devoted, disputatious visitors, and nine children, and the position of bookseller's hack. What superhuman impudence! We it is who know — we, who wear the shoe that pinches like Satan.

A man may have apparently every enrichment — youth

and genius, love and personal charm, wealth and health, pervading honor, and an army of friends. He ought to be inundated with content. Is he? Ask him. He may not reply. But, at the question, a doleful smile, which, more than words, bespeaks the canker at his heart, overspreads his face. His neighbor is strangely in duress. Chronic invalidism, and clawing poverty, and irretrievable misunderstanding, and hopeless isolation hem him in. Deserving of multiplied compassion he; but he does not in the least need it. Why should he want compassion from anybody on this oblate spheroid? Why, in sober sooth? No ghost of murmur in his poor noddle. Satisfied is he amid his many causes of dissatisfaction. Would he live his life over again? Like most of us, he would say Nature nay. Will, and strength, and philosophy he can command for one journey, from crib to grave; but that is quite enough. Repetition would be onerous and execrable, and none but a dolt would choose it.

Men have hanged themselves, and relished the sensation; but they have not rehearsed it. Oh, no; never.

Very few persons confide to the public their private opinion of Life; knowing that they come here, and go hence without being consulted, and without their consent, they feel that they are in for it anyhow, and keep tongue behind teeth. They try to make the best of the implacable, uncontrollable issue; for they're conscious that condemnation and protest are nugatory, dead waste.

Americans in general have borrowed the stoicism of the red Indians, the autochthons of the soil; they are inclined, David-Crockett-wise, to grin and bear it. Ask almost any of them, "Would you live your life over again?" and they would answer, "I pass," even when holding a full hand.

We can't help living once; it isn't our fault that we do; should we live a second time, it would be our fault, a great crime against ourselves. Then we'd know all we have to encounter; men are courageous, very; but courage is not always insuperable. Living life over again is beyond the limit. There's a shuddering difference between doing what we must, and doing what we elect.

"The by-ways of Horror," says Firdusi, "lead to the open road of Necessity."

Opinions of Life naturally and necessarily differ, quite as much as its circumstances, though not at all, as might be

thought, according to the circumstances. It may be safely set down as a rule, however, that the value, the satisfaction of Life is prodigiously overrated, as respects popular expression.

Continually are we hearing of happy lives, as if they were of the commonest. How could any life be happy, in any veritable sense of the adjective? There may be happy hours, happy days; but even these brief spaces of time are pretty sure to be commingled with fragments of unhappiness. But happy lives! Is not the phrase a self-evident absurdity? Is it capable of being entertained as a thought? Has there ever been, or could there be, one happy life out of the decillions of decillions of lives that this crazy old planet has generated? A happy life, if there were only death in the world, ignoring the many worse evils that the world contains, would be impossible. Death may be, and often is better than Life, altogether preferable to Life; but only because Life is so very sad; so very cruel; frequently so very endurable. Were Life under any conditions, what some bamboozled sentimentalists declare it, death would be the climax of horror; and we are all aware, by observation no less than reason, that it isn't. The best satisfied and the most unsatisfied of mortals disagree not essentially in their estimate of Life. Byron said that he had experienced but two happy days, and Goethe, who postponed his funeral more than twice as long as the English poet did his, experienced but eleven days; so that between a man who believed himself the most miserable of his kind, and a man who was considered abnormally fortunate, the difference in happiness is only nine days. Selah! Life may be an obligation; certes, it is not a delight, nor an advantage. Its mighty seriousness and unescapable responsibilities, except we be very volatile, make it heavy to a degree that we should be pleased, at the end, to lay the burthen down. It is proper and honorable, that we should bear it as best we may, having been juggled into its possession; but to bear it again would be the maddest of follies. Having acquitted ourselves of the duties of Life, is it not wise to trust the fathomless mystery that draws us on, secure in the thought that, if it lead to nothing better, it can lead to nothing worse? Erst while, Saladi whispers, Vex not your spirit over the Unknown, which is the goodness of the Known.

A DAUGHTER OF LILITH AND A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

BY KATE BUFFINGTON DAVIS.

IN the Talmud myths of life, is one of Lilith, the earth-born woman who first companioned Adam, or man. She wedded him to matter and its fleeting forms. Then as a messenger from God, a helpmeet to lead men from earth, matter, and its illusive shadows to heaven, helping him to perceive the purity, peace, and joy of union in the soul and with the spirit—as a tie between heaven and earth,—Eve was created by God, and offered to man for his inspiration and his awakening.

In the bondage of one, ye shall perish. Through union with the other shall the door of immortality be opened unto you.

I.

“Love! If I loved I would yield to no power above or below that would hold apart from me the object of my passion.”

The magnificent form of the speaker seemed to quiver from the stately head, crowned with its wavy black tresses, through its every beautiful curve to the dainty foot tapping the floor. And the undulating flush that deepened the bloom upon the cheek, the flash of light in the eye, that in unemotional hours looked lazily out from under the heavy fringe of the drooping lids, all emphasized the power that lay behind the words for their fulfilment.

“Why should one yield in love to aught but its destined reward? It is joy—nay, it is life itself. We move, we think, and all is monotony, a mere existence. We feel, we *love*, and all is life. Every throb of our pulse is a note in the melody of being, when it dances to the measure of love. What can compensate for the loss of that which we seek? Nothing. I would stop short of naught save death, to accomplish my aim—if once I loved,” she added with a little laugh.

No one save the queenly Cleopatra Tarrasal in the strength of her peerless magnificence, would dare to have uttered words at once so intense and so antagonistic to the accepted code of femininity. As it was, a sort of startled silence fell upon the little group gathered on that seaside piazza.

Cleo was a child of the southern clime, and as beautiful, as intense, as is all tropic beauty. Daring as the rays of a southern sun, that not only nourishes into form and sweetness the orange and the rose, but begets, likewise, the tarantula and the serpent that stingeth unto death, was the nature that animated her beautiful body. She would entice through color, form, and tone, every sense that could be thrilled, and yet in such love lieth hidden the deadly peril.

A moment's silence, and the young girl at Cleo's side said,—

“ You frighten me, Cleo, your idea of love seems so compelling, instead of winning. I cannot understand any joy in forcing an acknowledgment of any emotion. It seems to me that love must be like the discovery of great treasure that God has stored up for you, and hidden in the heart of another, the key to its finding resting in the voluntary blending of thought and emotions that touches the secret spring, throws open the door, and reveals to each their portion of this great joy that enriches life.”

A smile crept over the full red lips of the beautiful Cleo, who had relapsed into a manner of lazy indifference, compared to which her previous emotion had been like a sudden tempest. She turned her eyes with deliberate gaze upon the speaker and slowly said,—

“ That may be your idea, Carroll, but mine is any power that wins. If the man I shall love is not my master, he shall be my slave. *Mine* he shall be, either through love or submission.”

A chill almost of horror seemed to pass over the fair girl, who had ventured to suggest her different thought, as she gazed upon the leonine grace and power embodied in the speaker.

Just at that moment there came around the corner of the building, a fair and graceful man. As he advanced, a close observer of Cleo would have seen a change pass over her, scarce perceptible, yet suggestive of the cat-like concentration of all faculties into a perceptive state, that the animal takes on when its attention is fixed by a bird.

As he approached the group with a graceful salutation, Cleo's face animated and she motioned him to her side with a pretty little wave of her hand. A faint hesitation on his part caused the color to flicker over her countenance, and there passed into her expression a magnetic charm,—a look no son of Adam can resist, unless his soul stands guard.

Accepting the seat beside her, Richard Noyes handed her a newly-cut magazine, and said:—

“Miss Cleo, I brought you the paper on hypnotism we were speaking of last evening. It very ably sustains the argument that a person cannot be hypnotized against his will, thereby contends there are no innocent victims of this new recognition of science.”

Rising, she took the book and said:—

“Oh, thanks; anything in that line interests me exceedingly; how nice to know there are such wonderful forces to work our will. I wonder if there is any limit to the power of mind—if we but know ourselves?”

As she stood in graceful unconsciousness of muscular effort, in seeming absorption in the realm of mind, she looked as fascinating as, history tells us, did her royal predecessor in name and in beauty, whose passions ruled empires and made the history of a world. She looked a woman so full of life, that emotion radiated, winning response in all sense perceptions. In her wondrous eyes was a fearless gleam, as she searched within for the mystic faculties that obey the will.

“I have just an half hour at my disposal before my packing must be done, we leave so early in the morning,” she said. “So I will go and read this article now, that we may have a little opportunity for its discussion this evening.” And she walked away.

Going to her room she threw herself upon a low couch by the window, and rapidly read the article of interest in the magazine. As she finished it, she tossed the book aside, and clasping her beautiful hands above her head, gazed long and earnestly into the ever moving sea, whose waves restlessly caressed the sands before her window.

Her face at first looked veiled in its placidity, as all thought force seemed concentrated within. Then, like a sudden flash, the color leaped to her rounded cheek, swept over the marvellous throat, and followed with a gleam in the

eyes as she sprung to her feet, and paced back and forth the confines of her room, as a tigress measures the limits of her cage. Finally she muttered,—

“I don’t believe the power is limited. At any cost I’ll test it this very night.”

II.

It is just three months since Cleopatra Tarrasal experimented with her force as a hypnotizer. If her power over her subject extended to the suggestion *a echeance*, to-night, in this, her southern home, it will be proven. For in that last evening at the seashore they had tried some hypnotic experiments, and Cleo had succeeded in placing three subjects in hypnotic sleep, one being Richard Noyes; and during his subjective state she had laid the command upon him to appear at her home in New Orleans three months from that day, on this, the twenty-third of November. And to-night, she is awaiting the fulfilment of the test, with every breath a quivering anxiety.

She loved Richard Noyes with the fearless intensity of her wonderful nature. Yet she was not blind to the fact that he never sought her with the eagerness she felt to behold him. Instead, she realized, although every charm she was mistress of had been thrown about him, that she had been able only to exercise a sort of physical attraction upon him when he was in her presence. That he would more willingly seek the side of pretty little Carroll Ashton, in those days at the shore, was to her plainly manifest.

But she was magnificent to-night! Effect had been studied well, before she adopted that Grecian robe of white wool with golden girdle holding its soft folds to her queenly form, her black and wavy hair held in place by a golden dagger. The dress was simplicity itself, thus showing her mastery of the art of dress; for it adorned her with its grace, and yet made you only conscious of her exquisite personality. And it was suited to the hour and the rich surroundings of her luxurious home. In looking upon her one could utter the tribute Hafiz bestowed on Zuleika’s beauty:

“In the midnight of thy locks,
I renounce the day;
In the ring of thy rose lips,
My heart forgets to pray.”

A soft, delicious repose creeps o'er the senses in that room where sweet odors make breathing a joy ; and the soft light blends its decorations into a symphony of color. It is a spot to make the soul of man unmindful of care, of suffering, of reason, of responsibility. But it was all effective to mark the power of a woman's charms. There in the midst of beauty, she was of it all, the most beautiful.

No fervent imagination of the Orient could picture an hour in paradise more attractive.

"Hark, a ring!" A few words—

"Yes, it is his voice."

Cleo leapt to her feet, clasping her hands, pressed them to her heart as if to quell its wild beating. And then with in-drawn breath exclaimed,—

"I have triumphed!"

With a mastery of self simply marvellous, her possession was regained, and all the passion of her fever of love and her sense of power was shown alone in her beauty, which was radiant.

As Richard entered the room he had a slightly embarrassed air, as of one doing some unaccountable thing ; but what man, with such an apparition of beauty extending both hands in welcome, could remain untouched ?

He stepped forward in his graceful way, and she half swayed toward him, just enough to bring her brow temptingly near his lips. And then, as if in response to the determining thought in her mind, his mustache swept her forehead in a swift caress.

Within himself he was bewildered as a man in a dream. He scarce knew why he was there, except an uncontrollable impulse had led him on. He had thought to apologize for his coming unannounced and uninvited. Instead, here he was with a welcome that dazzled him, and had given a greeting whose warmth startled him. But he has no time to analyze these contradictory feelings ; he is in a whirlpool of sense emotions that blind his soul.

Her blush, the swift droop of her head, her low, glad exclamation of joy at seeing him were all in place, after the caress he had given her — but how had it all come about ?

For a moment he was embarrassed ; but Cleo's perceptions never failed her ; neither did her power of will that now had

so fastened itself upon him as to transfer her thought into suggestion for action on his part.

He led her to a seat; then in a most natural way they talked of his arrival in New Orleans. He had reached there only that afternoon.

"I thought I should get in, in time," he said, "to send a messenger to ascertain if you would be at home this evening, but our train was late. At first I thought to postpone my call, but really I found myself as impatient as a thwarted child, and it was impossible to resist chancing it, and coming this evening any way."

She smiled and thought, "It is well, my will is sovereign," but only said:—

"I am very glad you did not delay my pleasure in seeing you."

After an hour passed in chat and gossip of mutual friends, and what had crept into their social experiences since last they met, he started to go, saying:—

"I am making an unwarrantably long call."

But it did not suit her purpose that he should leave her with no future command imprinted upon his unconscious will, so she pleasantly insisted their visit was not half completed.

If he could only have known, that was his moment of escape from life-long bondage; but no guardian spirit was near to whisper it, and the moment was fatal, because his sense still struggled with the world alone, his soul not having come into a knowledge of its own kindred, and it stood not upon its guard with understanding as its shield.

He stayed; the magnetism of that rich physical beauty, glittering with intellectual charm as well, held in thrall his senses.

Reaching a harp that was placed conveniently near, she said:—

"I will play for you."

Music was his love thus far in life, and it was an agreeable surprise to find she could so entertain him, as she had never before given any hint of that accomplishment. Yes, she loved melody, though the grand harmonies she could not grasp.

As her beautiful hands, with their dimpled knuckles and tapering fingers, swept across the strings of the melodious instrument, what a picture she made! And the melody was like a shimmering light, passing through the room.

The sweeping drapery of her classic robe, falling about her as softly as the lights and shadows of a moonlight eve, lost not a line of the beauty of her majestic form; and the curve and taper of her arm, as the white wool fell away in a soft mass, made a study for a sculptor.

From the dancing, sparkling melody she passed into one like a song of murmuring leaves, with a weird sort of monotony in its tone. During the repetition of this strain, she fixed her eyes upon Noyes' face; gradually, and unconsciously he passed under control of her will. With the lithe grace of a cat she moved to his side, humming still the monotonous measure she had been playing, and touching him gently upon the eyelids, she made sure he was unconscious. Passing back to the side of the harp as quickly as she had left it, she began softly to play again, keeping up the same measure, while she spoke, and said:—

“ You will come again to-morrow, and say, ‘ Cleo, I love you, will you be my wife?’ Remember, you have not been hypnotized. Now count six and be awake.”

She still played the same melody that lulled him into unconsciousness until he uttered the word six, then she broke at once into a refrain of sweetness that thrilled every nerve to listen.

For a moment Richard Noyes looked confused; then said:—

“ That was a peculiar change; that minor strain had a dream-like effect upon the mind, while this seems to send life bounding through the veins.”

She saw it was as she desired; he was unconscious of having been hypnotized. So pushing the harp from her she said:—

“ Yes, I don't care for music that is not emotional!”

“ You seem the living personification of feeling,” he replied; “ you sometimes give me the impression that I am torpid, or but half awake; as though you knew a keener life; an intensity, that I sometimes, as now, realize only through you.”

“ Perhaps you are just waking,” she said, with a tender look from beneath her curling lashes. And then hurriedly rising, as if she had said more than her second thought sanctioned, she moved from him, and remained standing by her harp.

Just behind her in rich folds, were golden brocade draperies of a large window. As she stood there with the exquisite poise begotten in tireless muscle and perfect proportion, she was a living, breathing embodiment of all the beauty man attributed to the goddess of Love in the days of Greek idealism. But alas, a Venus Pandemos! She knew his soul turned not to her with longing; that the sheer force of physical beauty and her all compelling will alone brought him into her presence. Yet not a voluntary yielding of a single desire did he give her. And yet—and yet! She wavered not one instant in her determination to bind him in the yoke that love alone can make honorable, or pleasant.

And like one charmed he gazed upon her. He rose from his seat and approached her, put forth his hand and half encircled her waist; she drew back ever so slightly, but it was enough to break the spell. He drew a long breath and whispered low,—

“Forgive me, but you are so radiant, you fascinate me. To punish myself I will say good-night,” and pressing her hand, in a moment he was gone.

As he passed out of sight behind the portières, a smile of triumph swept across her expressive face, and she said under her breath,—

“You may go now, for you will come back; you are *mine* and you cannot help yourself.”

III.

That which is born of the flesh, is flesh, and that which pertaineth to earth must perish through the nature of its being. A love feeding on the mortal part must die; for all earth-born desires are but fleeting fancies for a shadow.

Two years have passed since that night, when Cleo Tarasal riveted the chains upon her victim, a victim as helpless as a charmed bird. They married. Passion threw its scarlet robes about them, and held in thrall their natures during his limited reign; but, as extremes are subject to the law of rapid variation, the devotee at Passion’s altar first rebelled. The nature that accepts the forced in place of voluntary offering can never be satisfied. Unrequited de-

sire must sharply lash one who would substitute the mockery of love for the divine reality.

To such natures as Cleo Tarrasal, the demon of jealousy holds the rod, and tortures alike the victim and victor. It is this self-seeking passion masquerading under the name of love, that is the father of jealousy. Love the Divine, the light of the soul, knows no such monster.

They had been married now nearly two years, and life was a torment alike to both. No peace, no harmony; a stifling of every soul emotion, life resolved itself into a contest on the animal plane of being.

Richard Noyes at times felt the revolt within,—a consciousness of a promise in his ideals of a different life than this, a life that had in it aspirations, hope, and harmony. Was that a vain dream of youth? he would sometimes wonder. Did life hold no tie between man and woman based on aught save passion, conflict, and base striving?

Alas! he lived a stranger to his own soul. But a new day is at hand.

Cleo is in Europe with a party of friends, and Richard feels nothing but a sense of relief as he puts in his time in bachelor fashion. Yet a world weariness is creeping o'er his sense, and it is in a mechanical way he goes through the social routine of a rich man's life.

Living on the crust of formal life, he scarce has a knowledge of the seething, turbulent mass of struggling humanity. Lacking understanding, he of course has no sympathy with the needs of his brothers, and the true vocation of man,—that of helping the world to right the wrongs of ages,—is outside his ken.

Narrowed in experience by the idleness of inherited wealth, he drifts, a disappointed, aimless man, upon this little turbulent sea that lies encompassed with eternity. Out of the eternal we come; a moment we battle with the waves of time; into eternity we go again.

He is again at the seashore, but this time one of a cottage party. Among the guests is one Elizabeth Mitchell, a girl who is gradually bringing a new emotion into his life when he is with her; a peaceful, soul-uplifting calm. Every day he feels more restless when apart from her; and he seeks her side with no sense of restriction. There is something in her calm, beautiful womanhood that soothes him so.

She steps upon the piazza now, with a light wrap about her shoulders, and he rises and joins her as she starts for a walk upon the beach. She has no coquettish art, or consciousness. He wishes to walk with her—why not? her soul is her own, and so is his. Her woman's heart long ago discovered the barrenness of his life; the crying human need of sympathy that found no expression in his words.

She saw before her a soul dormant in a nature with every capacity for good; a life going to waste for want of inspiration; simply a sense existence taking the place of soul development.

As they walked along the beach their talk referred to a subject often discussed between them,—human nature.

They had just passed a tired group of picknickers who were making their way to the pier, to take the evening boat, and he said:—

“I cannot see what their lives hold to make the struggle durable?”—They were evidently of a class of factory operatives from a neighboring coast town.

Elizabeth scanned their faces earnestly as she passed and said:—

“Earnestness of purpose makes their life not only durable, but noble.”

“How is that?”

“While it is true their lives are full of toil, and probably this is the only holiday in the year in which they can afford an outing, breathing the free air, and in sight and hearing of the singing waves,—more the shame to you and me, and all like us, who have abundance,—yet the very toil that earns what it possesses makes life earnest, and in the sympathy for one another's burdens that you find daily manifest among those who labor, you see the mark of soul nobility. The form perhaps is dwarfed or bowed, and rigid muscles rob them of grace, but watch them closely, and you will see no mask of politeness hides hideous indifference toward one another. The spirit of brotherhood is among them. Their souls, perhaps reborn, may animate the truest civilization the earth will ever know.”

“Ah, I see! you point the selfishness of aimless lives as the worm, ‘i' the bud,’ destroying the present flower of civilization. I don't know but you are right, although I never thought of it just that way before.”

Like a vision, a mirage of his past swept before his mind's eye, and he saw its lack of true purpose, its wasted years; a flood of perceptions almost overwhelmed him. Yet under all the pain there was a soft symphony of joy. He knew now, what had led him into the light of true being, what had born into his soul the life immortal. This fair, sweet woman at his side had opened the door of paradise to him; she had brought him into his own kingdom and crowned him in the realm of spirit. The pangs of travail through which this consciousness had birth, were submerged in the waves of joy that illumined his entire being.

He walked, he spoke in a mechanical way, while his soul was singing the refrain of love. In his new wisdom he saw the subjective world as the real one. And although the crown of thorns still pressed upon his brow as a son of man, he felt his heritage as a child of God, crowning all with glory. No matter what trials fill his path on earth, strength and purpose are now his weapons, and wisdom his shield.

As they drew near the boats he said,—“Let us row.”

She assented.

It was the one indulgence he would permit himself, now that he knew the truth. For one evening they should be together, untouched by humanity's tide. Alone on the waters as though eternity again enveloped them. And then, after the deeper thoughts of her developed nature had given him fresh inspiration and guidance, a store for him to live by, he would go from her, into the world, and never see her again. And she would never know what she had been to him, a veritable messenger from God.

All this was in his mind as he handed her into the boat and silently pulled from the shore.

Ah! he was a novice yet in the mysteries of the soul world. “She not know?” Why, the supreme moment of earth life can be only when two souls perceive one truth.

After long thinking, he said:—

“That is a great truth, that an aim and earnestness in its fulfilment makes life enjoyable, while sympathy with the needs of our fellows is the insignia of true nobility. I want to confess to you that a new world lies before me in the life your earnest thought has given me. I see a new meaning in life and also a new promise.”

"I rejoice to hear you speak so," she responded; "such possibilities as lie hidden in your nature will enrich you beyond expression when you come into understanding of your own being. Oh, think of it! We are the children of the Infinite One, and every man is our brother. The penalty with the imprisonment of the spirit in the flesh, is labor, either with hand, or heart or brain; else the spirit wears upon itself within its prison walls. The thread upon which every bead of human life is strung, begins and ends in God. And what are we, that we should stand in the way of our brothers and attempt to live for ourselves alone?"

Her face was radiant with its high purpose to uplift him, to illumine the path that, though rugged and hard, would bring him into the light. It was the truth that rung tones of power through her words.

"You are right; and my life shall be devoted to the welfare of my fellows from now on. I feel the thrill of courage, the strength of purpose; I feel a new source of life sweeping over me as though I had but just come into maturity. I see the pursuits of past years lying like so many broken toys strewn all about me. Elizabeth, from a child within me, you have grown a man."

In low tones she solemnly said,—

"Not I; the Divinity stirreth within you."

Long they rode upon the waters, and not another word was spoken. Both hearts beat in harmony to the same music, and the language of heaven filled their thoughts,—love, the love of the spirit.

At last, softly as the notes in a dream, the words, "I love thee, I love thee," found utterance.

It was unintentional. A breath found sound and voiced the refrain of his soul. Richard was affrighted at the sound of his own voice; he felt he had violated a faith reposed in him. Not even yet had he measured the greatness of that woman beside him.

He held his breath and almost cowered, as though the word must come that would hurt him. He would have sacrificed life itself at that moment to have recalled the words. But in all his future years he blessed them. Their result destroyed the last touch of his worldliness, the last false habit of thought, and gave him the revelation of a still purer character than even his imagination could fancy.

In tones as free and pure as an angel might use, resonant with the melody mastering the base emotions of passion, of fear, or of pride, came the words, —

“Love, love! I wonder if that word means to you what it does to me?”

“Will you tell me, loved one, what it means to you? Then I can answer.” And his voice was tremulous with tenderness.

“I cannot define it though I try,” she said. “But it seems as though every heart-beat would be a throb of joy, telling me I am dear to you, every breath tremulous with emotions of thanksgiving for the richness of life that giveth love, and even age, a privilege, for it brings us nearer the immortality of love. I feel this in the full consciousness that life can know no fruition of love together in the flesh. That now, you and I are bound in the eternal yoke of soul-united, and yet severed by the laws of man. It is no crime to speak our love, for the eternal union of two souls will bind in spite of life’s blunders, and just obedience to social law. Yet, our speech has its penalty. From this hour, it would be a sin to tempt the flesh and grieve the spirit. You are mine, and I am yours, in the oneness of soul destiny. Having found each other in this labyrinth of life’s tangled paths, and established our bond of union by this acknowledgment of love, we henceforth must live in accordance with the life of the world, and with a separation of distance. But that is only a formality of the flesh; ‘soul will companion soul in spite of that.’”

A silence followed, seemingly as long as a lifetime to them. In that supreme hour, they whose lips had never met, felt the union into perfect oneness of their true selves.

“I can answer you now,” he said. “Love means all to me it does to you. It means, no matter how earthly things separate us, a union with you, and a sense of supreme joy in knowing you are mine. The years to come before our souls are free will prove their strength. I have no fear that we will ever be apart one from the other in spirit, for one moment.”

Then her sweet tones laid the command upon him. “And now, my love, the hour is come to say — let us word it just ‘good-night’ — when we part.”

Silently he obeyed and rowed to the shore.

At the cottage step they paused, and under the rays of the full moon they looked long and deep into each other's eyes. No touch of flesh, but soul met soul, and the angels rang the wedding chimes in heaven. With every measure of their being in harmony with that heavenly music, softly and tenderly they said, —

“Good-night.”

THE QUESTIONER.

BY CHARLES HENRY PHELPS.

I AM the spirit restless,
That can never stay nor sleep;
The mortal I hail in passing,
Must ever my vigils keep.

To the first Chaldean shepherd,
Who gazed, from his humble cot,
At the stars, in their circling glory,
I breathed: "Beyond them — what?"

The stars swept on in silence,
But the seers gave him reply;
It was I who bade him rest not,
But ask the wise men, "Why?"

No man knows where I bide me,
Nor the hour I may come thence;
At the grave I whisper, "Whither?"
At the cradle I murmur, "Whence?"

The priests in their cowls have cursed me,
And thinking me dead cried: "Rejoice!"
But amid their maledictions,
They heard my still, small voice.

Brave men, for my sake have questioned,
When to doubt was death without ruth,
For they gladly held that living
Was less than to seek the truth.

I am the handmaid of knowledge,
It is I, alone, can show
The places she haunts to him who burns
With the quenchless passion to know.

I shun her complaisant lovers,
And early they cease from the quest,
But I wait away on the chosen
Whom she honoreth as her guest.

If there is a veil, I rend it;
If there is a height, I climb;
If there is a deep, descend it;
I pause not at space nor time.

For this must be so, beyond cavil :
Truth radiant grows in the test.
A thread it is a sin to unravel
Is knotted and worthless at best.

What faith do you think could be greater
Than this : that man shall unfold
The scroll whereon the Creator
His infinite message hath told.

He shall think God's thoughts as God thought them,
He shall reverently tread the white way
The infant stars took, when God taught them
Their orbits ere yet it was day.

He shall question the oak, how it groweth,
The lily, whence cometh its rings,
He shall challenge the lark, how it knoweth
The jubilant song that it sings.

For mine is the faith and reliance
That in ways that are virgin, untrod,
I shall teach my apostle, fair Science,
To spell out the process of God.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, PROF. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, MATILDA
JOSLYN GAGE, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, DONN PIATT,
ROBERT C. ADAMS' CRITICISMS OF "IS THIS YOUR SON,
MY LORD?"

A LEADING LIBERAL AUTHOR'S VIEWS.

UNCOMFORTABLE as the fact may be, here is another thinker let loose among us. The author of this book must henceforth be reckoned with. Having already enlisted attention by brilliant essays,—some of them disguised in the tales entitled "A Thoughtless Yes," — she challenges "society" to take a searching look at itself in a full-length mirror of her contrivance. Some may pronounce it a distorting reflector, others declare it cracked, but none who have eyes can fail to recognize in it a magical mirror for polish, and the vividness of its images. The frontispiece gives impression of a lady, who might naturally be courting the adulation of "society" instead of risking its frowns. In the book, too, she seems to be giving fashionable friends away, as in the study of Miss Pauline Tyler, and her distress that the odious reporters have associated her name with the distinguished personages whom she so impressively enumerates to an eligible visitor. However, despite such amusing sketches, the work is as little realistic as romantic. The realism and the romance are in side-shows; the main stage is mounted with scenery symbolical of "the fashion of this world," and the figures on it are as typical as Christ and Anti-Christ. The plot has been syllogistically constructed, and the main actors, created for the plot, perform their parts without that illogical adulteration of evil motives with good, and good with evil, which characterizes every-day life. If any realist deems this kind of art less charming than his photography, let him read his Bunyan again. He will find it a good prologue for what our latter-day pilgrim has to say of Dr. Highchurch, and Dr. Broadchurch, and the sheep of their pasture who so strangely act like goats. These do not, indeed, bear allegorical names like their pastors, but, apart from the side-shows, might easily be so labelled. It looks as if the author's good genius had with difficulty overpowered her occasional proclivities towards a habitat not her own. The story opens with a show of historic reality, purporting to be related, in the first person, by

a physician. This breaks down on the seventeenth page, the story branching out into scenes which only an author's omniscience can witness. Though the doctor's story suggests a basis of fact, it speedily turns to fable, and then becomes interesting. A "gentleman" who carries the contribution-box in a leading church, might indeed ask a doctor's aid in restoring his son's health by immoral means, but only a fabulous doctor could fail to inform him that, in the given case, the proposed remedy would continue the injury. The doctor, however, accepts the layman's notion, but for which we should miss the picturesque situation in which the expected victim unveils, revealing the face of the hypocrite's daughter, who supposes herself giving him and her brother a pleasant surprise.

It will be seen that Helen Gardener deals with subjects called "delicate." Dr. Martineau, in an able discourse, relegated such themes to "the realm of silence"; but his sister Harriet said, "English women remember Godiva, and will do their duty." There is a steadily increasing sisterhood of the Daughters of Godiva who, "clothed on with innocence," will not shrink from setting forth the naked truth in that realm where moral night-shade is fostered by conventional silence. Our author does not indeed spare idly the veil prescribed Thought in the presence of problems relating to sex; she is too artistic to denude Truth for eyes that can only see without perceiving; but she speaks unmistakably for those who have ears to hear. Such brave speech from a woman of refinement and culture marks an advance towards the new ethical age. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's much ado over Christian theism, which she discovers when most people have about got through with it, may measure the degree to which Helen Gardener has distanced the rearguard of liberal thought. Here is no cock-crow over yesterday's sunrise. The conspiracy of silence on subjects that fundamentally concern the welfare of mankind is broken. The wise know that words in season are golden, timid silence not silvern but pinchbeck. It is not so much any opinions on suppressed subjects that can serve us, at present, as the courage of their free utterance. It will require a fuller freedom of moral genius from the long oppression of prurient purists to perfect, by knowledge and discussion, the word which, as perfected, shall be made flesh and dwell among us. It is to be hoped that Helen Gardener is the forerunner of other American women whose pure-minded freedom will put to shame the official attitudinizers who mistake their own vulgarity for virtue. In this direction our rising moral Protestantism will be led by brave women, whose sex is especially oppressed by the monasticism which was left its sceptre over morality when the ecclesiasticism around which it grew was overthrown. In the name of morality the most ignorant official can exercise over the

millions of this New World the despotism of a mediæval pope. A friend informs me a copy of Boccaccio — to whom Emerson, purest of intellects, paid homage — was recently imported for a library in Washington, but burnt at the Custom House by an order from the Treasury. Such a far-reaching wrong, which did not even reach the press, could not occur were it not that the most important of all ethical departments has been left to the sequestration of barbarism. The nerve of vigilance, the price of liberty, may be paralyzed by any fool who touches it with a pretension of suppressing immorality,—with which, public law has properly nothing to do. The function of law is to redress the injury of one to another, whether wrought by moral or immoral motives.

A hard struggle awaits ethical Protestantism, but it cannot be crushed, for it is one of social life and death. What slow steps have been made in the past brought hemlock, or cross, or stake, to those denounced as corruptors of society, now worshipped as moral law-givers (albeit with equal ignorance). The Daughters of Godiva may have to endure such corresponding penalties as our age admits. Let them know that instead of a city tax, to remove which the legendary lady disregarded the most consecrated conventionalism of her sex, it is to end an arrest of the world's regeneration that good women are now called on to break through walls of mock-modesty which reserve the most important field of inquiry for weed and reptile, without obstructing the encroachment of these on fields secured for culture.

So much for the heroic gesture of Helen Gardener's work. It need not be wondered at that to this field she brings no new ethical implement or method. The great moral problems are raised, but not solved. It must even be admitted that they are chiefly raised by remorselessly pressing the old standards to logical conclusions that bring them into question. For example, to refer again to the case with which her story opens, there is high medical authority for the belief that rigid "chastity" (we still use these monastic words) is sometimes inimical, if not fatal, to health. Our author justly impales the father who sacrifices an innocent maiden under circumstances supposed (mistakenly) to be such, but she does not venture beyond him and deal with the natural causes of such conditions. Is the youth to perish, or, as Saint Paul suggests, marry in order not to "burn"? Helen Gardener covers her retreat before this dilemma,— by adding circumstances of peculiar villainy to the father, but its terrible horrors remain to confront many an honest parent and son. Another of the moral problems raised, but not solved, is the inequality of the standards of sexual purity by which men and women are judged. Although an author is not to be held strictly

to the utterances of her characters, one or two of Helen Gardener's seem to be inspired by their literary creator in their indignation against such inequality. Such indignation may have its use, but it is a confession of helplessness. A captain whose ship is caught by icebergs, may get a little warmth by swearing, but it does not melt the bergs to speak disrespectfully of them. To the eye of moral philosophy there is in morality neither male nor female. But what cares Nature for our philosophy? By making one sex the child-bearer, Nature has made that sex primarily responsible for any alien blood that may be foisted on a family, so far as that family and its heritage are concerned. The male accessory, who has not similarly wronged his own family, is naturally liable only for the damage he has assisted in doing his neighbor. Law, whose province is not morality, but damage, has distributed the penalties in accordance with the necessities of social development. The inequitable moral sentiment has been developed on the lines decreed by Nature. No doubt the sex so burdened finds some relief in denouncing the injustice, but that cannot alter the fact. And is that the best that can be done?

Quisque patimur suos manes. That is, one cannot escape his ancestral shades, any more than he can jump off his shadow. In the last century, French revolutionists shattered the Madonna, but with more fatal superstition set up in her shrine an effigy of Nature. This "She, that must be obeyed," showed herself "red in tooth and claw." Many a so-called "infidel," who indulges a belief that he has broken continuity with a superstitious past, is after all but an inverted "salvationist." He has transferred his faith from Jehovah to "Laws of Nature," and his method of reform is apt to be millennial. Some angelic Bradlaugh or Bellamy is to sound a trump, a lucifer is to be scratched, and puff! away go the pomp and glories of this wicked world! The survivals of ancient creeds in Helen Gardener's characters are faint enough to attest the large culture and far advance of the mind and heart that conceived them. But what are we to make of such a statement as this (p. 138): "His morals were based on those creeds. Well, the result was, the moment his belief in dogmatic religion was shaken, he had no foothold. Natural morality had no meaning to him." What are the creeds but consecrated transcripts of natural morality? What is Nature's morality but to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, to make the innocent suffer vicariously for the guilty, to load one sex with the heavier share of pain for all forbidden fruit shared equally by both? Again (p. 124) the young "hero" of the story says, in an admirable letter:

"How strange it is that almost every boy thinks first of these two professions,— War and Theology, twins we have inherited

from the ignorance and brutality of the past! These two, who were born of the same parentage, and are destined to sleep in the same grave!" So far as war is concerned, it would rather be strange if the boy, a product of predatory Nature, should not feel the embryonic throbs of ape and tiger. And what is the meaning of "destined"? Is this Matthew Arnold's stream-of-tendency deity? Probably this optimistic hope is born of faith in man, but the phrase refers to a dynamic deity, who will bring things all right, whatever man may do or leave undone.

Some of these comments may appear hypercritical, and they would be so were they made on any ordinary work. But this is an extraordinary work, not only powerful in itself, but indicating a reserved force in the author, for whose future an older worker in the vineyard, remembering his own mistakes, may be pardoned for feeling a parental anxiety. Let her accept a bequest from the experience of those who have wasted in revolutionary, what had succeeded as evolutionary, enthusiasm. We used to beat our political and theological scapegoats into the wilderness, leaving untilled the wilderness itself, to return its savagery steadily upon us. Rebelling against a god of war and cruelties, we euphemized the atrocities in Nature, of which he was a mild reflection. Substituting, after the Darwinian daybreak, natural for supernatural selection, we still did not realize that both are to be replaced by human selection. Nature is not a She, any more than a He, but a morally inanimate It, whose impartiality between serpent and dove, conquered by the farmer's economy, lingers in our social fields, because we are still taught to bend before Nature, instead of bending it. Man's business is to humanize Nature. Until that task becomes the object of religion, the first day of creation will not dawn. And meanwhile, since we must all for a time be workers in the dusk or the twilight, with some darkness mingling in our clearest perceptions, it is well before suspecting the good faith of others, to remember King David's question, "Who can understand his errors?" Helen Gardener is remorseless on Dr. Broadchurch: he is untrue to his ordination vows, in throwing aside what he does not like in the Bible. "The final appeal of any orthodox clergyman *must* be the Bible." That is bad law in the Church of Rome, in the Greek and Russian churches, and in the Church of England. For my part, I have great hope in Dr. Broadchurch. This our author will regard as her critic's little "survival." Be it so. If she can only believe it consistent with sincerity, perhaps her next hero will not be so hard on Phillips Brooks and Heber Newton. It is to enlightened woman, unfortunately not yet a part of our political and ecclesiastical machinery,—to the one disfranchised and independent class left us,—that we must look for the moral

leaven that is to raise the world. And no woman of our time has a fairer prospect of preparing a pure leaven, than the author of this brilliant and phenomenal book. But where shall her leaven be hid but in the meal of existing institutions? And why, oh why, when the leaven begins to work in poor Dr. Broadchurch, should he be berated for not becoming either all leaven or all dough?

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

A PROMINENT SCIENTIST'S AND EDUCATOR'S VIEW.

"This is a terrible book, but is it not an overstrained, fancy sketch of possibilities that are seldom, if ever, realized?" Such was the exclamation of one who had been, in early life, familiar with a far different state of society, in which he had met enough of the manly and noble to impart a social inspiration, and who, in his riper years, had felt so keenly the antagonism of society to every generous impulse, as to shun every circle in which this social depravity could be revealed. He sympathized with the expression of Boyle O'Reilly: "I grow rapidly toward complete dislike of the thing called 'Society,' but this must be moral rather than mental development. Society is a barren humbug, fruitful only of thistles and wormwood."

The first question to be considered as to this novel was, could this be true? could it be a picture of any portion of human society? It did not require much investigation to satisfy him that it was indeed a terrible piece of realism,—like the unconventional pictures of Verestchagin, the Russian artist, so real that its fidelity could be recognized by thousands,—not the realism of a Zola, but the realism of an honest, high-minded American woman, who looks upon society from a higher standpoint than that of conventional literature, and conventional ethics and theology. I might give the reader records of social depravity that would shock, satiate, and disgust, but it would be an unwholesome task,—we do not desire to approach closely any form of putrefaction. May we not hail it as one of the triumphs of American progress, that it is bringing to the front a new literature—not that of the dominant sex, not that of the weaklings of the other sex, who have been taught that intellectual independence and the fearless criticism of corrupt society are entirely unwomanly,—but that of women who know how to plead for justice, and who look upon social shams and falsehoods, only to pierce them with the spear of Ithuriel.

The book has a pervading spirit of stern conscientiousness, guided by the equally stern spirit of modern science, which tolerates no traditional hypotheses, demands verification for everything

asserted, and prefers the verifiable natural history of to-day to all doubtful records of the past, which are supposed to be history. For such a spirit, theology has no authority and no such charm as it finds in Huxley and Spencer, who represent the drift of the majority of cultivated thought to-day. Before that drift everything not fortified by religious education must give way, and the church itself, when this scientific iceberg passes, is chilled to the heart and loses its power of self assertion. No longer a church militant, it stands feebly on the defensive, slowly surrendering dogmas which in former times it was death to doubt.

That educated women should become inspired by this scientific spirit was the foreseen result which made one party dread, as another hailed with joy, the higher education of woman, and the demand for equality with their brothers in all human rights.

That woman, in this spirit should make an incursion in the field of literature, and should assail the entire social fabric in the spirit of iconoclastic science, but with a determination to right all wrong, was obviously inevitable, and in this novel we see a beginning of that sturdy rebellion against conservatism which may make the novel the moral leader of mankind, leaving far behind it the church and the university, the chief office of which is to preserve the moral stability of society against public debasement, and also against all revolutionary methods of honorable progress.

No one will deny that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did more than all the pulpits, to make slavery odious; and as it seems inevitable that free educated woman shall labor chiefly for an ethical purpose, as her great life-work heretofore has been the ethical inspiration of home, may we not hope that woman shall be instrumental in leading mankind to a higher plane by the charming path of fiction. In the gloomy power of Carlyle and the theatrical splendors of Bulwer, there is not much to elevate or inspire the reader to a nobler life. The personal unworthiness of Bulwer taints his writings — his virtue is artificial, his gold but polished pinchbeck.

In every age there is a mass of sentiment, opinion, usage, fashion, and intolerant prejudice which dominates over all institutions and persons. Literature becomes its expression. But ever and anon the spirit of liberty, the spirit of justice, the spirit of humanity, and the fearless love of truth rebel against such enslavement, and this ever recurring struggle of brave souls against the multitude is the power that advances mankind. Every movement inspired by an ethical sentiment is a factor in that process of evolution, the majestic onward sweep of which may be calculated by looking downward and backward from our present elevation along the vast inclined plane that extends toward the beginning of an undeveloped humanity.

That this efflorescence of the divine element in man shares the fate of the too early blossoms of a capricious and uncertain spring is one of the greatest problems that puzzles the world's theosophy. Why was it that the founders of Christianity, and such followers as Huss, Savonarola, Sir Thomas More, Latimer, Ridley, and George Fox, and the leaders of thought, such as Galileo, Bruno, Roger Bacon, Telesio, and Campanella, or such women as Hypatia, Joan of Arc, and Madame Roland, must fall before the vindictive hatred of cotemporaries, who were *our ancestors*, has been asked in vain; but it is not in vain to remember that these fierce persecutors of Nature's nobility were our ancestors, and that the blood inherited from them has not entirely changed its nature, but may inspire a similar spirit to-day in spite of centuries of amelioration.

But a nobler literature is continually rising from our higher social conditions, overlaying and sinking into oblivion the immense accumulations of libraries, the mere titlepages of which would require a lifetime to read them. One book out of a hundred thousand that claim our attention is as much as men of active and efficient lives can read; for them the novel is superfluous; but in the leisure moments in which they seek rest it is a refreshing companion, and for the half idle class it is the chief mental food. How important, then, that the novel should be an ethical teacher—that it should come from those who have an earnest purpose, and not from those who write merely to amuse the reader and earn an income. But what a flood of fiction is continually pouring upon us! A single novelist, Jules Verne, said: "I am now at my seventy-fourth novel, and I hope to write as many more before I lay down my pen for the last time!"

Helen Gardener's novel is an ethical work,—not a set of speculative platitudes about duty which never inspire a noble resolution, but a set of graphic pictures of the abominable, in contrast with her conceptions of manly and womanly virtue. We may say of some novels in the language of Pope,—

"Vice is a monster of that horrid mien,
Which to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

But no one will endure, or pity, or embrace the vice and the heartlessness portrayed by Helen Gardener. It is so thoroughly detestable that to one unfamiliar with corrupt and hollow life it seems almost impossible, and reminds us of the wretched criminal portrayed in Tolstoi's last novel. The father who corrupts his son and expects salvation by the vicarious atonement of theology, the ambitious and pretentious Harmon, who, without a particle of religion, expects to become a bishop by the force of culture

and social position, and his equally heartless and artificial mother, puzzle one to comprehend their moral monstrosity. To the inexperienced, this book will be a sad revelation; to the vicious classes which it portrays, it will be a warning that they are observed and scorned, but whether it will give them a blush of shame may be a question.

It is much to be regretted that the scope of the work is so narrow that she portrays only the consummate hypocrite, and gives no example of the intelligent, sincere, heroic, and unselfishly religious, reserving all the virtues for her agnostic heroes. Perhaps she felt that as the Sunday-school pattern of virtue had been sufficiently exalted and extolled, while the agnostic class had been thoroughly written down, justice required to turn the tables and exalt those who have been borne down by a power that once persecuted to death, and of late persecutes to ostracism. No doubt she felt that she was doing justice to a class who deserved vindication, and exposing the hollowness of a pretended piety.

That there is such a gilded baseness as she portrays, no one can doubt who recollects the numerous examples of defaulting, swindling, forging class, who have worn the mantle of piety until detected, and have been accepted as worthy members of the church, or even accepted in the pulpit, because the ideal of religion has been so debased as to demand nothing more than profession and ceremonial as an evidence of piety. It has indeed become so much more interested in appearances than in realities that to expose and describe some offences has been accounted as criminal as the offences themselves; and the terrible outrages committed upon the Indians of Alaska have been concealed by a religious society as their contemplation was not compatible with its sacred refinement.

Gold and silver have been alloyed for a currency—so has religion, and in its extreme debasement it becomes a question whether there is any of the real gold in the coin that is stamped by authority. The nations of Europe that have ever lived in war with each other and now bend all their energies to international homicide have no more just claim *as nations* to the title of Christian, than the Zulus of Africa. Individuals may cultivate a Christian character, but the church *as a church*, which sanctions and sustains war, must be adjudged a gigantic apostacy from the doctrine of the founders of Christianity. The dogmatists, whose religion consisted in fighting over definitions of the Trinity and murdering heretics, suppressed all sincerity and truth with all the power of the sword and of social persecution. Thus for much more than fifteen hundred years, truth and honesty have been crushed, and hypocrisy cultivated with all the skill and power that governments, churches, and colleges could command. In-

tolerance and hypocrisy, despotism and lying, have been inseparable twins from the beginning of humanity. They flourish together, and they will die together. They flourish still, and the fearless pursuit of truth is still a battle, as every profoundly original thinker knows too well. Truth can be enthroned only when intolerance dies, and the best work for humanity is the establishment of toleration. We must learn to tolerate and cherish every sincere effort, and be intolerant only to intolerance itself — thus reversing the habits of the ages; and a first step in that direction is to respect such works of earnest thinkers as this novel of Helen Gardener and that of Tolstoi, which a brutal official ordered out of the mails.

As true religion has been so industriously crushed, while hypocrisy was so vigorously cultivated, was it not inevitable that hypocrisy should become the chief element in the strange compound that has been called religion, and that in time the baser metal should be taken for gold, and the gold become an almost unknown material? The ideal has been lost, and men or women earnestly seeking religion are often cherishing a base alloy of which it forms the minor portion — a so-called religion which is pleased to regard relatives, friends, and society generally, as the devil's roasting pieces in the next world, and all foreign nations as food for powder in this world, for whom the powder must be kept dry, and the bayonets sharp. We need not discuss the truth, for it is too evident that mankind have belonged and do belong to the order of *carnivora*; and when Helen Gardener suggests that the military and theological professions are on the down grade to extinction, and must go together, is she not excusable in the light of history, for thinking them inseparable twins, and will not this graphic suggestion stimulate the theologian to realize that he has been and is in bad company, which he must abandon or perish, and must return to the simple and sacred law of loving our neighbors as ourselves, and the truth that the neighbor, however distant, is a brother? But let us turn from the gloomy to the hopeful aspect of destiny.

The only salvation from this corrupt condition has been in the perennial freshness of Nature, which ever struggles to maintain the normal type and refuses to transmit by heredity the acquired diseases and deformities. The forests, the flowers, and the human race defy a permanent debasement. The Divine Influx is eternal, and that limitless power with wisdom which is above and beyond all that we know and imagine, bears us onward as surely to the better future as it has in the past. The myths of antiquity are disappearing, and the brassy counterfeit of religion is becoming less and less endurable among the intelligent, and the hideous portrait of the worst specimens as sketched by Helen

Gardener may help to accelerate its departure, and thus be a benefaction to that pure religion of which perhaps, with larger experiences in the future, she may paint a pleasing portrait. With broader studies of humanity, by the methods of liberal science, she may learn that history has been enriched and our ideals of humanity elevated by innumerable lives of heroic duty, inspired by the example of the Nazarene teacher, whose wonderful life, so poorly and imperfectly transmitted by the traditional records, has ever been and will ever continue to be the inspiration of the noblest.

J. R. BUCHANAN.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL LIBERAL UNION'S OPINION.

"Is This Your Son, my Lord?" touches from a woman's point of view, a phase of the social question that has too long been ignored. The Christian world has accepted the idea that man is less culpable for the same vice than woman. What is held as supreme degradation in her is looked upon as a venial sin in him. The church has been the great exponent of morals, in accordance with the Biblical teaching that man is superior to woman, that "she, not first created, was first in sin"; that "the man is not for the woman, but the woman for the man." Genesis and Paul corroborate each other; the Old Testament and the New are alike upon this point of woman's created inferiority and original sin.

Having accepted this doctrine, it is not at all strange that we find two codes of morals extant in society, the lax for man, the strict for woman, with diverse penalties attending each for the same infringement of the moral law. But whatever the form of religion or secular teaching, the laws of nature still reign supreme, and through their violation, man himself has become more degraded than woman and is slowly beginning to recognize this fact.

The fall of Preston Mansfield through the temptation of an older man is an instance by no means confined to the pages of fiction. Nor is his father an isolated instance of a man without moral principle where his sons are concerned. The history of Preston is that of thousands of young men, who are "robbed of themselves" in the first flush of youth, and rendered depraved before they begin to know the meaning of life to themselves and to humanity. We learn such facts from history, from the daily press, from confidential disclosures of the victim himself.

One young man having read this work was asked, "Do you think this case too rare to be useful as a lesson — a type?" He replied, "I know fully fifty similar ones in my college alone. Men may deny it, but it is in *no sense rare*."

Another said, "If I had read that book ten years ago, I would have been a different person. Most of us are pushed to the devil before we know it, and then — "

Oh, the pity of it! Oh, the shame of it! A young boy, until he learns an evil lesson, is as pure in thought as a young girl, but he is not as readily allowed to remain so. He is taught both directly and by implication, that vice for him means much less than it does for woman; that he can have his fling while young, "sow his wild oats," and marriage will reform him into a desirable husband and father.

This remarkable work is not an attack upon either sex, but an attempt to show the result of conditions. Her pictures are chastely drawn, and some of the finest characters in her book are men. Neither does she fail to expose the petty thought of a certain class of women whose sole aim is social position; mothers whose vanity and weakness prove as destructive to sons as more gross teaching from others.

Helen Gardener is heroic in thus daring to openly attack chronic evils that church, state, and society have so long fostered; the good influence of her book must be incalculable. It was long since recognized that only when wrongs find a voice do they become righted. But woman through the ages has been trained to silence, her views not to be given, nor her opinions stated, unless asked by man, and this has but rarely been done.

This work is calculated to arouse intense opposition from older men fettered by early teaching and inherited thought. But thousands of young men will gladly receive its warning; the moral hope of the world lies with them. Let a young man become convinced of the degradation to himself through an immoral life, and he will hesitate to enter it. Let him but realize the destruction to his own health, happiness, purity and self-respect involved in such a life and he will shun it. With fuller knowledge he will no longer delude himself into a belief that while woman should bring a blameless life into the marital union, it is right for him to seek such relation while steeped in vice. He will cease to believe that woman cares but little if man is vicious; that she looks upon herself alone as dishonored through illicit relations, or that she thinks marriage with her betrayer can give her a respectability that he himself does not possess.

He will discover this theory to be entirely false; he will realize that with Minnie Lane, thousands of women believe such a marriage to be a dishonorable relation; that it is the betrayer, and not his victim, who has lost respectability. This book is a most timely and important one; she has dared to speak the truth and herein lies the vitality and power of the work.

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

A REPRESENTATIVE THINKER AMONG WOMEN.

"There are questions which only those will discuss, who to some extent have raised the veil of life, who allow that no human institution is so holy, as to out-top the sacred right of human reason, to probe its foundations. We must not forget that the emancipation of woman, while placing her in a position of social responsibility will make it her duty to investigate matters, of which she is at present assumed to be ignorant.

"It may be doubted whether the identification of purity and ignorance has had wholly good effects in the past: indeed it has frequently been the false cry, with which men have sought to hide their own anti-social conduct."

KARL PEARSON.

To the ordinary man no doubt, Helen Gardener's last novel, entitled, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" will seem to touch subjects of which the young better remain ignorant, but as women become more thoughtful, clear sighted, and independent, they will see that the stronghold of their slavery lies in our social customs, and concentrate their forces on that point. The unequivocal and pronounced manner in which refined, cultivated women have already from time to time, by word and deed, attacked the tangled problem of sex, and all the relations that grow out of it, prove, that when they enjoy the same freedom men have always had in expressing their opinions, they will take the lead in the pending social revolution, or they will, at least, keep abreast with those men who seek to substitute science for emotion. It is a question with many wise people, whether the best interests of society can be better served by unearthing the abominations connected with the social slavery of woman, or by concealing from the young all but the most beautiful phases of life, and in ignorance of the dangers that surround them, preserve their innocence and trust in the goodness of mankind.

I think it is safer in these matters to follow the pathway marked out by the wise and thoughtful of our own sex, than to trust those who have invariably sacrificed woman's best interests to their own pleasure and convenience. Mary Wollstonecraft, Frances Wright, George Sand, George Eliot, each in her own way lived her independent life, and uttered her highest thought on whatever subject was presented to her mind. Charlotte Brontë, the author of "Jane Eyre," made her heroine attractive without the aid of wealth, beauty, or position; she lived in harmony with her own ideal, relying wholly on her own judgment amid the complications of a dependent position. All alike taught the lesson of individual conscience and judgment for woman. The authors of "John Ward, Preacher" and "Robert Elsmere" have shown themselves equally independent on questions of religion. Mona Caird in her magazine articles as well as her novels, has told the world what she thinks on social problems, so plainly as to shock

prudery and hypocrisy. And now comes Helen Gardener, who, in one small volume of 257 pages, portrays the political, religious, and social hypocrisies and corruptions of our present civilization, and probes to its foundation our false system of education, in the morals of the church, the college, and the home. The evil influences that surround the chief character at school, culminate in a vice far more common than teachers and parents would willingly admit.

In revealing these pitfalls of corruption each writer assumes the moral responsibility of her own action.

Helen Gardener thinks it is for the protection of girls and boys alike to know all the minor vices into which unhealthy passions may betray them, as well as the selfishness of which men are capable in their dealings with the youth of both sexes. This novel will prove a landmark to warn the unwary from dangerous ground, and will unquestionably have the beneficent effect the author desires. In the present antagonistic relations of the sexes, girls need to be armed at all points. It is folly to say, as many do, that there is no real antagonism between men and women, for our laws and social customs all show the contrary. So long as we have one code of morals for men, and another for women, we cannot have harmonious relations between the sexes.

The religious conscience of our sons should be trained to reverence the mothers of the race; to extend to every woman they meet the same consideration they desire from all men for their own wives and sisters. True chivalry should make every man a protector and not a betrayer of girlhood; then will real friendships between men and women be possible. This novel is written with a high moral purpose, and will teach the young many valuable lessons. Vice is not painted in attractive colors, but all its most odious features stand out in bold relief. Neither is the author pessimistic in her tendencies; for in this, as in all her sketches of real life, noble characters predominate. Maude Stone, Harvey Ball, and their parents form a charming group, representing all the cardinal virtues. Preston Mansfield, the weak, good-natured, but vicious hero, who had sufficient conscience to poison all his life and drive him to a violent death at last, but not enough to give him the necessary strength and decision to make his life what in his best moods he desired, is in some respects no uncommon character. He is a type of far too many young men of wealth, position, and education, and his father represents a large class of parents, who, to save a son from his vices, would willingly sacrifice his neighbor's daughter for that purpose. Many good people who are guided by principle in most matters have no conscience in this. Whatever a son's character may be, most parents will rejoice that some pure, lovely

girl has consented to be his wife; and if the young man has wealth and position, even the girl's own parents will rejoice in what is called an eligible match, and join with complacency in the general congratulations and wedding festivities.

"Is This Your Son, My Lord?" is distinctly a novel which has a reformatory object, and in so far it fails as a work of art; not that a reformatory object renders it impossible to draw a real picture of life, I only intend to say that the feat has never yet been performed. So far in literature the authors, with such an object, have been so absorbed by their idea, that they have quite ignored the demands of art. In the volume before us one can see the able essayist, and the clever pamphleteer, but not the born novelist.

The book is thrown into the most difficult form for a romance to take, for the story is told by one of the characters. Such a method needs the author to be eternally on the watch tower, or else inconsistencies will creep in. At times, the doctor who tells the story is quite forgotten, and one is brought back to the fact only by a violent jog of the memory. An "I" appears, seemingly without a noun, and at last in despair you fix it on the doctor. How he comes to be conversant with all the characters of the book remains to the end a mystery. He has never met Mrs. Harmon, yet he gives his readers long conversations and correspondences that this little Boston lady has with her intimate friends. By allowing the doctor to tell the story, Helen Gardener deprives herself of that usual lofty position of the novelist, an all-seeing and all-knowing providence. Another fault is throwing so much of the story into the form of letters. The letters of real people are always wanting in that touch of individuality that makes acquaintance easy, and the letters of imaginary folks are indeed intangible things. They deprive incidents of all local coloring. Mrs. Harmon, though an important personage in the book, nowhere comes near us. We do not know whether she was tall or short, thin or plump, awkward or graceful, austere or gay. We should like to have encountered the lady in close quarters, but we must content ourselves with the revelations she makes of herself in letters, which show her to be an ambitious, unprincipled woman, so perhaps the author thought the less we knew of her the better. The characters of the book are shadowy, the motive is clear cut and well defined, the humanitarian has completely swallowed up the artist. Helen Gardener has studied her ideals in real life, but her characters are not flesh and blood. In one point this book is a blessed improvement upon the ordinary modern novel: Helen Gardener recognizes that there is other love than that existing between lovers. The most living and at times touching scenes are those where Mr. Stone pours out his tender father's love upon his idolized daughter, and by his com-

passion wins her confidence, and helps her to break her engagement with an unworthy man.

Preston Mansfield seems rather an impossible character. According to the story he has lived an utterly vicious, vapid life, and yet his ideas in regard to women are of the loftiest character. Is it not a certain effect of such a course of conduct that the higher emotions become dulled, if not extinct? This is the price paid for licentiousness. Low living and high thinking are incompatible.

In Fred Harmon, Helen Gardener hits off very well American aristocracy and the requirements of good society. She might give Ward McAllister some good lessons on these points. The scene between Mr. Stone, Fred Harmon, and Maude is well drawn. Mr. Stone gives Fred Harmon his opinion of him in particular, and his set in general very plainly. Yet he fails to rouse in him any feeling of honor or shame, but when they walked past the Boston aristocrat, "Maude's soft silk drapery caught his knees," it roused him far more than all the father's stern words of reproach. Men are so emotional in all that concerns women! They use no reason, let alone justice, in their relations with Eve's daughters. In this same scene, Mr. Stone says to Harmon, "Do you know why you love Maude? Because she is beautiful." He might have added, You have no appreciation of the nobility of her nature, of her warm affections, her frankness, her sincerity, and her truthfulness.

Harvey Ball's letter on choosing a profession is very good,—in Helen Gardener's best essay style. As to the profession of the soldier, we must, however, remember what Ruskin says, "That the soldier is honored not because he is ready to *kill*, but because he is ready to *die* for his country."

Helen Gardener has given us a vivid picture of the daily sacrifice of innocent victims of her own sex. For the contemplation of a heedless world, the deeper the shadows the more impressive is the view. The unrolling of the dark panorama of woman's experiences may shock the thoughtless and apathetic, but they never can be painted in colors too sombre for the facts of life. Women know more of men's cruelty than they can ever know of each other. Silence and concealment have never been potent factors in reformation.

This book is full of subjects for thought, and could furnish an ethical preacher texts for a lifetime, and no character in the book throws out more truths than Mr. Stone. His ideas on the training of children to self-control and independence are worthy a veteran educationalist and his observation of the facts of life are shown in that short sentence, "Everything holds girls back from going wrong, and pretty nearly everything pushes boys to the devil." Young men will never place a fair estimate on

social virtue, so long as leading thinkers openly say, "There must be two codes of morals for men and women."

There is nowhere as yet in real life any true appreciation of the dignity of woman's position, nor that worshipful reverence befitting her as mother of the race.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC'S VIEW.

Near the close of a day in the early June of 1889, that was so perfect that it seemed to have dropped out of Paradise, I sat in my editorial rooms at New York, weary of work and dreaming of the shady glens, and green, willow-fringed meadows of the Mak-o-chee. From these reveries I was awakened by the musical rustle of feminine drapery, and wheeling in my chair, I saw before me a girlish face and figure, one slender and graceful, and the other not only beautiful in its delicate outlines, but so alive with expressions of sense and sensibility, that it photographed itself upon the heart through that instantaneous process Nature gave us long in advance of its coarser imitation. The dark, luminous eyes had in them thought, shadowed with pain, as if touched with the reminiscence of suffering, common to life-long invalids. There was naught else in my fair visitor indicative of ill-health. Indeed, the full ripe mouth told a story of its own, especially when parted in a smile from pearly little teeth. In a shy, yet frank way, always so winning when united in a handsome woman, she offered me her little hand.

My visitor announced herself as Helen Gardener, and she tendered me some of her work for publication in Belford.

I read her sketches, and was charmed with them. I found her a genius. There was not only freshness and originality of thought, but a felicity and a facility of expression, that appeared in a most delicate touch. There was just enough left to the reader's imagination to enhance the value of the work. This quality in fiction is what a hazy atmosphere, or even a mist, is to a landscape. "Style is thought," said the French critic. N. P. Willis was as happy when he said "peculiarity of style is disease. Like the pearl in the oyster, very beautiful, but a disease all the same."

I published Helen H. Gardener's sketches, and collected after in a book, they met with decided success.

I observed that this charming work was not altogether healthy. There was a feverish intensity, and an inclination to assertions not altogether in harmony with the otherwise graceful qualities. The grievous discovery came to me that my little friend was a furious reformer from an agnostic standpoint. That is, one who, while

confessing to the fact that he knows nothing, assumes to know all, and looks down upon a religious believer with a supercilious comiseration that is simply exasperating. Your agnostic of to-day is the infidel of yesterday, somewhat refined in manner, but not improved at all in matter. He has added nothing to our limited stock of knowledge, nor gained a particle of superior information — a state he confesses in the name assumed. He is the dude in science, and seeks to hide under an air of indifference the coarse bigotry of his predecessor, the infidel. The old style sceptic was loud in his denunciation of a believer in divine truth as a fool — your agnostic contents himself with pity for the idiot.

It is a popular delusion that a betterment of our condition on earth is to be attained in an enlargement of our intellect. Yet, why a boy taught to spell "baker" will be less liable, when half starved, to steal a loaf of bread, is a problem not yet solved. The orthography is excellent, but the hunger remains.

This holds good in the man brought up on books that contain the wisdom of ages. The evil impulses implanted in our nature are not lessened by such knowledge. On the contrary it stimulates, and renders more uncontrollable the evil, selfish nature in us, for imagination enters to make the beastly passions more attractive. Our first parents were eating of the tree of knowledge when they fell. It is on this account that the more refined a people become, the more dissolute they are, unless restrained by religion.

In no instance is the oft quoted line of "A little learning is a dangerous thing" as applicable as in this. And it is the more fatal because of our inability to have greater learning. To look at man, we may pride ourselves upon his intellect, so much above the lower animals, but as compared to the endless universe, of which he is less than an atom, pride disappears, and the humility, spoken of by our Saviour, takes possession.

We know nothing of creation about us, we know nothing about ourselves. We gaze in on that part of us that thinks, wills, and remembers, called mind by scientists and soul by theologians, and are amazed to find that we know as little of that, as of the material world about us, that we look on and study.

The thought of endless space, or of eternity, threaten insanity, and if we turn from these to more familiar things about us, even the blade of grass beneath our feet is a puzzling mystery. We have stumbled blindly upon the effects of certain laws and proudly claim to know them. And these are all material. The spiritual life that we feel, and recognize, indeed know as well as the natural, and laws of the material is in fact a sealed book. All human knowledge can be summed up in a sentence. When a thing happens once, we call it a phenomenon; when it occurs

twice we term it a coincidence; when it comes a third time we entitle it a law, and give it a name. That is all. The familiarity that breeds contempt, also breeds confidence. Thus run a man too near the phonograph but once, without a supposed explanation, that does not explain, he would go to his grave believing it to have been a supernatural event and is it not? The shrewd inventor cannot assure us through any information that he possesses, that every sound caught up and held for reproduction a century hence, is not a special manifestation of God. He will sadly shake his head and say, "I only make the instrument, I cannot tell you what it is."

The man who orders a consignment of soap and candles, through the telegraph, would consider one a crank who would stop him in his busy little life, to say, that he had witnessed in his order for soap and candles, a work of God as wonderful as the creation of a world. Yet one is as much a mystery as the other.

Hence it is that all the great inventions, that have so benefited the human family, and upon which we so pride ourselves, were made by ignorant men. Poor little creatures; we, in our brief space of existence, are as ridiculous as the monkeys Darwin told us we came from, and the most ridiculous is the old scientific ape, who solemnly seeks to measure God's universe with a pack thread. We paddle about in the shallow waters of reason, until we suddenly plunge into fathomless depths to perish.

Admitting, however, that it is well to be wise in the knowledge offered us from the garnered storage of six thousand years of little mysteries, what is there in such information to control our passions, weaken our appetites, or make us kinder to each other? These are results, that in religion you jump on so savagely, and cry, "But your religion is superstition, a dream. It has no warrant in reason, no support in history. It is puerile, childish, and ridiculous." Well, this last may be true—recognizing how absurd I am, I am prepared to believe all my belongings are of the same sort—as for the so-called reason and the dull picture of history, I do not consider them.

From whence my religion came, and how, and whether sensible or not—I only know that it is here, and that it is true. The sense of dependence, the longing for aid, the hope of something yet to come, purer and better, are born in us. The recognition of God is a part of humanity. The poor ignorant savage hears His awful voice in the thunder, as positively as does the bald-headed old ape of an agnostic who prates about "evolution" and "the survival of the most fit." But it is the Christ that is in us which is making Christianity conquer the world; and gives my church its immortality.

The learning of the world is naught in the way of advance-

ment. It will not lift one a hair's breadth from the evils of our life, but it is capable of harm. When one turns from the religion of Christ to be guided only by the so-called learning, one lets go of the only hold on a better life, and deteriorates rapidly. The book before me illustrates this painfully. I read with amazement, not to say grief, the work, in which no trace either of the delicate fancy, the magical touch and real genius that made "The Lady of the Club," the "Time-lock of our Ancestors," and other sketches by the same author, so fascinating.

It is a fierce plunge into the horrible. It has not even the redemption found in the truth. The story turns on an impossible crime. I say impossible, for admitting such a cruel wrong as that told could be done by a man, it becomes simply horribly impossible in its being done with the knowledge and almost in the presence of the son. A man may be capable of crime of the most awful sort, but bad as he is, he will shrink from making his own child a participant in the sin. Said the late Richard Merrick, of Washington, after a successful defence of John Surratt: "I know that Mrs. Surratt was innocent of any participation in the assassination of President Lincoln, for she would have known that her son was one of the assassins. No mother, however criminal, could be such in common with her son." While upon the bench I granted a divorce to every wife asking it, for her appearance in court, as a rule, proved her incapable of being a wife, and I invariably gave the custody of the children to the mother. She might be a bad wife and yet a good mother. At least she is the only mother the child can have.

Again, the story is untrue, for the author, as a reformer, attempts to show the evils of superstition, which she calls religion, and, therefore, deals with a class. Now it may be that one deacon of a church may commit a horrible crime, not because he is a deacon, but because he is a bad man; but we shrink from the assertion that all deacons are criminals, because they are deacons.

The saddest part of it all, in reading this dreadful book, is that one is impressed with the belief that it is written by a good woman. It is an earnest, pathetic appeal in behalf of the weak and innocent, against the injustice of social law and the cruel despotism of public opinion. But all indignation at wrong is lost in the horrible presentation of the wrong itself.

Women make bad reformers, because of their emotional nature and the courage of their convictions, that renders them bigots. Like all non-combatants they are full of fight, and brook no opposition. Shielded through life from man's contentions, they are bold because of inexperience. In the fierce struggle of life's arena, a man learns that blows are to be received, as well as

given, and he grows cautious, and cunning of force. Shielded in the home from the cradle to the coffin, by fathers, brothers, sons, and husbands, the would-be female reformer is of the sort told of by the poet, "He laughs at wounds who never felt a scar." These feminine hot-gospelers will not seek to please, or waste time in attempts at persuasion. In the presence of such, we have to choose between being choked to death by peppered truths being crowded down our throats, or have bayonets run through our miserable bodies.

This is written more in sorrow than in anger, and with the hope that the ill-success of this terrible book will induce the gifted Gardener to leave the deodorizing of social cesspools through literary efforts to the male Tolstoïs, and give us, as she can, sweet, pure, touching stories of human life.

DONN PIATT.

CRITICISM OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN SECULAR UNION.

The novel with a purpose and its portrayal upon the stage are the mightiest implements of advanced thought, and are destined to become the most effective methods of modern reform. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* against slavery, *Under which Lord* against ecclesiasticism, *Robert Elsmere* against orthodoxy, are now joined by *Is This Your Son, my Lord?* against false sexual ethics and the vagaries of those "who are thorough believers in religion and who do not know the meaning of morality."

The faults of this latest purposeful novel are those incident to its class, and are due to the difficulty of presenting instruction without *lugging it in* and of intensifying peculiarities without caricature. But the authoress has shown much skill in avoiding these defects; and, if some prominent features may be said to be unusual, it cannot be denied that they represent true phases of character. Such literary faults have been proved to be effective for reform, and are hallowed by the practice of Charles Dickens. The instructive conversations seldom drag; and the love episode and closing tragedy furnish a sensational coating for the didactic pill.

Those will be disappointed who desire to have the æsthetic sense entertained with minute descriptions of nature's aspects and performances, for this is not an attempt at fine writing, but the result of a tremendously earnest impulse to give to the world, by plain words and impressive facts, a denunciation of shams and oppressions. It is so well written that one does not notice the style. No modern novel surpasses it in the art of saying what it has to say without attracting attention to the way

in which it is said. It is a book in which every word means something. No pads or improvers distort the natural form of expression into fashionable literary shape.

The merit of the book, above all else, is its absolute frankness ; the plain spoken declaration of what every one thinks about and nobody speaks of. It is the one honest book of the day that does not attempt to *curry favor*, offers no apologies to respectable error, advances its opinions *squarely* and takes its stand *flat-footed* for needed reforms. The sympathetic reader is so impressed by this element of heroic candor and common sense treatment of current habits of life and thought that he finds the popular terms of the day best suited to its praise.

The main facts of the story can be verified by every man who knows modern society ; and its most startling incidents can be paralleled from his own observation or information. Its lessons are intelligible and cannot be gainsaid. The chief teaching is,—that morality has but one standard, irrespective of sex ; that what is wrong for woman is wrong for man and that what is right for man is right for woman. It aims to show that the maintenance of a separate code of morals for woman is a survival of man's tyranny over the weaker sex, and that legal disabilities imposed upon the wife and lawful mother are tokens of slavery. A second and scarcely less prominent motive is to protest against the dishonesty of the "new theology." Recognizing the fact that modern science has disproved all the dogmas which distinguish Christianity from Natural Religion, it heaps merited scorn upon those who, by giving new meanings to old words, seek to preserve the temporal advantages of a faith wounded unto death. It rightly points out the moral injury caused by the "reconcilers" and "trimmers" who, by example, inculcate insincerity and subterfuge, and thus hinder the progress of Naturalism.

ROBERT C. ADAMS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A DISCIPLE THE hunger for truth; the quenchless desire to obtain knowledge, to catch and interrogate the vague phantoms of facts which float but dimly before the intellectual vision; to satisfy the deathless craving of the soul; to know the mysteries of Nature,—such are the innate longings which fill the soul and fire the brain of earth's great prophets and pioneers in science. The recluse of the Middle Ages, who abandoned the frivolity of life and withdrew into the wilderness, hoping by a life of deprivation to insure eternal bliss, was not the lofty soul he has been painted. His promptings were selfish; his course that of a coward. In bold antithesis stand the lives of two great modern disciples of science, Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace, who renounced the comforts of home life, the companionship of congenial spirits, the pleasures of social life, the acquirement of wealth, and the pursuit of popularity and contemporaneous renown, for years of privation 'neath the burning suns of the torrid zone, that they might happily demonstrate a truth which they suspected, though well they knew that its demonstration would cover them for a time with obloquy; that ridicule, misrepresentation, calumny, and social ostracism would follow them if they succeeded in proving the great theory of evolution, of which Buffon, St. Hilaire and Erasmus Darwin had caught vague glimpses, and which Lamarck had foreshadowed, but which was so foreign to the accepted views of the religious and intellectual conservatism of the age as to necessarily encounter furious opposition, and the scornful contempt or fierce anathemas of those leaders to whom the masses look for a cue. Yet fronting the severe privations and well known perils on the one hand, and expecting the common fate of truths, prophets, pioneers, and torchbearers, they went forth, led only by a great yearning to demonstrate a new truth, desiring only the supreme satisfaction of having helped the world to a broader vision by contributing to its store of scientific knowledge. Of the life of Charles Darwin, so long sneered at by the religious and fashionable world, but now justly revered by the scholarship of Christendom, it is not our purpose to write at the present time. It is well known, and gains in glory as, step by step, the intellectual world rises to the acceptance of the truths he presented. That of his friend and co-laborer, Dr. Wallace, though not so well known, because he is still with us, and because he has ever sought to hold the truth between himself and the world, is rich in interest and instruction. Born in Usk, in Monmouthshire, on the eighth of January, 1822, he early evinced a passion for everything relating to natural history. Aside from his general education, he received special education in architecture and survey-

ing, as it was deemed advisable for him to follow one of these pursuits. His soul, however, was not in his studies ; as the needle to the pole, so his heart turned to Nature. Her storehouse of hidden wealth, her mysteries treasured since creation's dawn, her sphinx face cast over him an irresistible spell. At her feet he bowed. To gain from her clues and hints which might flood light on the great question of the ages, was henceforth to be his mission. In 1845, he discarded his special studies, and gave himself entirely to the investigation of natural history. In 1848, we find him patiently, tirelessly, earnestly searching for new light in the multitudinous forms of life on the banks of the Amazon and Negro rivers, an adventure abounding in great peril, and offering no inducements which to the ordinary mind would compensate for its hardships, to say nothing of its dangers. Here we find him studying the mysteries of life. The torrid sun beats upon his head. Fever threatens him. Serpents, vipers, scorpions, venomous insects, and reptiles seem omnipresent. The flora is charged with poison. Every step taken is fraught with perils. He wavers not. For four years we find this disciple of science dwelling among the Indian tribes of South America, haunting the banks of the rivers, wandering through forest and jungle, collecting specimens of vegetable and animal life which promised to throw light on the great problem he was unravelling. This rare collection was almost entirely lost at sea. In 1852, he returned to England and published his "Travels on the Amazon and Negro Rivers." This work was followed by a scientific treatise entitled "Palm Trees of the Amazon and their Uses." Not satisfied with his investigations he embarked for the Malay Archipelago, where he spent eight years of persistent toil. It was during this time that Charles Darwin was industriously pursuing the same object in foreign lands. Unknown to each other, these great workers were patiently collecting data, and making observations of inestimable value to science, and against which the missiles of their antagonists were to fall powerless. In 1858, Mr. Wallace embodied the result of his investigation with his deductions in a comprehensive essay on "The Tendency of Varieties to depart from their Original Type." This paper was forwarded to Sir Charles Lyell to be read before the Linnean Society in July, 1858. At the same meeting was read Mr. Darwin's paper on "The Tendency of Species to Form Varieties." This is one of the most remarkable coincidences in the history of scientific thought. Two thinkers patiently laboring amid the fertile and fruitful regions of the earth, widely removed from each other, arrive at the same conclusion, forward their views, which are simultaneously read at the annual meeting of a scientific society of which they are members. In the history of invention these coincidences have been very frequent. In scientific discoveries they have not been rare, but I know of no other instance so striking as the above.

On his return from the Malay Archipelago, in 1862, Mr. Wallace brought with him more than eight thousand birds, and over one hun-

dred thousand etymological specimens, the classifying and arranging of which occupied much of his attention for several years. In 1869, he published in two volumes his remarkable scientific work, "The Malay Archipelago." A year later his "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," appeared. This was followed by "Geographical Distribution of Animals," published in 1876. "Tropical Nature," 1887, "Island Life," 1880, and "Land Nationalization," in 1882. But his most recent effort entitled "Darwinism," published in 1889, is unquestionably destined to be his most popular scientific contribution, as here, in the compass of something less than five hundred pages, he outlines the theory of evolution with such force and clearness as to be readily grasped by the popular mind, and while at all times strictly scientific, it abounds in striking illustrations which add to its interest and serve to emphasize the more abstract thoughts. Unlike many scientists whose lives seem to have been absorbed in a special branch of scientific investigation, Dr. Wallace has taken a keen interest in social problems. All questions affecting the welfare of the people have challenged his earnest consideration, and though I cannot agree with many of his views as to the best measures for remedying our present social ills, I recognize in them the single desire to elevate and enoble humanity, to increase the happiness and minify the poverty and misery of the masses, which is, of course, the aim of all true philanthropists and humanitarians. In regard to another life Dr. Wallace holds decided views. With the commendable spirit of a true scientist, he has exhaustively investigated the remarkable psychic phenomena which the past fifty years have witnessed. In this respect, his course is in bold contrast with that of Professor Huxley, whom Dr. Wallace vainly sought to deeply interest in these questions, but who chose to dismiss the whole subject as unworthy of his time, and who since has volunteered an explanation of some of the phenomena, which, to every psychic investigator, is at once as ridiculously absurd as his attitude toward psychical investigation has been unscientific. Dr. Wallace believes most profoundly in another life. To him this brief span is merely the prelude to a life of eternal progress. In a noteworthy address delivered in 1887, he describes what, in his opinion, would result in the event of materialism being universally accepted by humanity.

"If all men without exception ever come to believe that there is no life beyond this, if children are all brought up to believe that the only happiness they can ever enjoy will be upon this earth, then it seems to me that the condition of man would be altogether hopeless, because there would cease to be any adequate motive for justice, for truth, for unselfishness, and no sufficient reason could be given to the poor man, to the bad man, or to the selfish man, why he should not systematically seek his own personal welfare at the cost of others.

"The well-being of the race in the distant future, set before us by some philosophers, would not certainly influence the majority of men, more especially as the universal teaching of science is, that the entire race, with the world it inhabits, must sooner or later come to an end. The greatest good to the greatest number, that noble ideal of many philosophers, would never be admitted as a motive for action by those who are

seeking their own personal welfare. The scoffing question, What has posterity done for us? which influences many men even now, would then be thought to justify universal self seeking, utterly regardless of what might happen to those who come afterwards. Even now, notwithstanding the hereditary influences, the religious belief, and religious training in which our characters have been molded, selfishness is far too prevalent. When these influences cease altogether, when under total incredulity, and with no influences whatever, leading men to self-development as a means of permanent happiness, the inevitable result will be that might alone would constitute right, that the weakest would always and inevitably go to the wall, and that the unbridled passions of the strongest and most selfish men would dominate the world. Such a hell upon earth as would thus be brought about, will happily never exist, because it would be founded upon a falsehood, and because there are causes now at work which forbid the disbelief in man's spiritual nature and his continued existence after death."

In "Darwinism" Dr. Wallace boldly takes issue with the materialistic thinkers among his brother evolutionists. So important is his position, and so ably are his views set forth, that I quote at length from the last chapter of the above work, from which it will be observed that he claims the assumption of the materialistic hypothesis more untenable and unworthy of acceptance by scientists, than the higher view of creation which maintains that around the physical world is a spiritual universe, ever acting on matter in conformity with the laws of life.

"The special faculties we have been discussing, clearly point to the existence in man of something which he has not derived from his animal progenitors—something which we may best refer to as being of a spiritual essence or nature, capable of progressive development under favorable conditions. On the hypothesis of this spiritual nature, super-added to the animal nature of man, we are able to understand much that is otherwise mysterious, or unintelligible, in regard to him, especially the enormous influence of ideas, principles, and beliefs, over his whole life and actions. Thus alone we can understand the constancy of the martyr, the unselfishness of the philanthropist, the devotion of the patriot, the enthusiasm of the artist, and the resolute and persevering search of the scientific worker after Nature's secrets. Thus we may perceive that the love of truth, the delight in beauty, the passion for justice, and the thrill of exultation with which we hear of any act of courageous self-sacrifice, are the workings within us of a higher nature, which has not been developed by means of the struggle for material existence.

"It will, no doubt, be urged that the admitted continuity of man's progress from the brute does not admit of the introduction of new causes, and that we have no evidence of the sudden change of nature which such introduction would bring about. The fallacy as to new causes involving any breach of continuity, or any sudden or abrupt change, in the effects, has already been shown; but we will further point out that there are at least three stages in the development of the organic world, when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action.

"The first stage is the change from the inorganic to organic, when the earliest vegetable cell, or the living protoplasm out of which it arose, first appeared. This is often imputed to a mere increase of complexity of chemical compounds; but increase of complexity with consequent instability, even if we admit that it may have produced

protoplasm as a chemical compound, could certainly not have produced living protoplasm — protoplasm which has the power of growth and of reproduction, and of that continuous process of development which has resulted in the marvellous variety and complex organization of the whole vegetable kingdom. There is in all this, something quite beyond and apart from chemical changes, however complex; and it has been well said that the first vegetable cell was a new thing in the world, possessing altogether new powers — that of extracting and fixing carbon from the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere, that of indefinite reproduction, and, still more marvellous, the power of variation, and of reproducing those variations till endless complications of structure and varieties of form have been the result. Here, then, we have indications of a new power at work, which we may term *vitality*, since it gives to certain forms of matter all those characters and properties which constitute life.

"The next stage is still more marvellous, still more completely beyond all possibility of explanation by matter, its laws and forces. It is the introduction of sensation, or consciousness, constituting the fundamental distinction between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Here all idea of mere complication of structure producing the result is out of the question. We feel it to be altogether preposterous to assume that at a certain stage of complexity of atomic constitution, and as a necessary result of that complexity alone, an *ego* should start into existence, a thing that *feels*, that is conscious of its own existence. Here we have the certainty that something new has arisen, a being whose nascent consciousness has gone on increasing in power and definiteness till it has culminated in the higher animals. No verbal explanation, or attempt at explanation — such as the statement that life is the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm, or that the whole existing organic universe from the amoeba up to man was latent in the fire-mist from which the solar system was developed — can afford any mental satisfaction, or help us in any way to a solution of the mystery.

"The third stage is, as we have seen, the existence in man of a number of his most characteristic and noblest faculties, those which raise him farthest above the brutes, and open up possibilities of almost indefinite advancement. These faculties could not possibly have been developed by means of the same laws which have determined the progressive development of the organic world in general, and also of man's physical organism. These three distinct stages of progress from the inorganic world of matter and motion up to man, point clearly to an unseen universe — to a world of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate.

"To this spiritual world we may refer the marvellously complex forces which we know as gravitation, cohesion, chemical force, radiant force, and electricity, without which the material universe could not exist for a moment in its present form, and perhaps not at all, since without these forces, and perhaps others which may be termed atomic, it is doubtful whether matter itself could have any existence. And still more surely can we refer to it, those progressive manifestations of Life in the vegetable, the animal, and man — which we may classify as unconscious, conscious, and intellectual life, and which probably depends upon different degrees of spiritual influx. I have already shown that this involves no necessary infraction of the law of continuity in physical or mental evolution; whence it follows that any difficulty we may find in discriminating the inorganic from the organic, the lower vegetable from the lower animal organisms, or the higher animals from the lowest types of man, has no bearing at all upon the question. This is to be decided by showing that a change in essential nature [due, probably, to causes of a higher order than those of the material universe] took place at the sev-

eral stages of progress which I have indicated ; a change which may be none the less real because absolutely imperceptible at its point of origin, as is the change that takes place in the curve in which a body is moving when the application of some new force causes the curve to be slightly altered. Those who admit my interpretation of the evidence now adduced — strictly scientific evidence in its appeal to facts, which are clearly what ought *not* to be on the materialistic theory — will be able to accept the spiritual nature of man, as not in any way inconsistent with the theory of evolution, but as dependent on those fundamental laws and causes, which furnish the very materials for evolution to work with. They will also be relieved from the crushing mental burden imposed upon those who — maintaining that we, in common with the rest of Nature, are but products of the blind eternal forces of the universe, and believing also that the time must come when the sun will lose his heat, and all life on the earth necessarily cease — have to contemplate a not very distant future in which all this glorious earth which for untold millions of years has been slowly developing forms of life and beauty, to culminate at last in man, shall be as if it had never existed ; who are compelled to suppose that all the slow growths of our race struggling towards a higher life, all the agony of martyrs, all the groans of victims, all the evil and misery and undeserved suffering of the ages, all the struggles for freedom, all the efforts towards justice, all the aspirations for virtue and the well-being of humanity, shall absolutely vanish, and, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wrack behind.'

"As contrasted with this hopeless and soul-deadening belief, we, who accept the existence of a spiritual world, can look upon the universe as a grand consistent whole, adapted in all its parts to the development of spiritual beings, capable of indefinite life and perfectibility. To us, the whole purpose, the only *raison d'être* of the world — with all its complexities of physical structure, with its grand geological progress, the slow evolution of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate appearance of man — was the development of the human spirit in association with the human body. From the fact that the spirit of man — the man himself — is so developed, we may well believe that this is the only, or at least the best way for its development ; and we may even see in what is usually termed 'evil' on the earth, one of the most efficient means of its growth. For we know that the noblest faculties of man are strengthened and perfected by struggle and effort ; it is by unceasing warfare against physical evils, and in the midst of difficulty and danger that energy, courage, self-reliance, and industry have become the common qualities of the northern races ; it is by the battle with moral evil in all its hydra-headed forms, that the still nobler qualities of justice, and mercy, and humanity, and self-sacrifice have been steadily increasing in the world. Beings thus trained and strengthened by their surroundings, and possessing latent faculties capable of such noble development, are surely destined for a higher and more permanent existence ; and we may confidently believe with our greatest living poet —

That life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dip't in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom
To shape and use.'

"We thus find that the Darwinian theory, even when carried out to its extreme logical conclusion, not only does not oppose, but lends a decided support, to a belief in the spiritual nature of man. It shows us how man's body may have been developed from that of a lower animal form under the law of natural selection ; but it also teaches us, that we pos-

sess intellectual and moral faculties, which could not have been so developed, but must have had another origin ; and for this origin we can only find an adequate cause in the unseen universe of Spirit."

Such is the profound conviction of one of the foremost living naturalists ; a man whose life has been devoted to the investigation, demonstration, and elucidation of truth on a strictly scientific basis. It is seldom we meet with a scientist who has thought deeply along so many channels, and what is perhaps still more remarkable, the three subjects to which he has given his profoundest thought,—evolution, psychic and spiritual research, and the social and industrial problems, are the three themes which are challenging the best thought of our age to-day.

